

POINTS WORTH OBSERVING.



"All coons look alike to me," runs the song and all lumber looks alike, runs the thoughts of most people. But, there is a difference—a big one too, between some lumber stocks. While some are sound, bright and dry, others are warped, cracked and sappy. If you want the good kind—the kind that will give satisfaction, come to

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

THE NECESSITY OF CORRECT DRESS IN BUSINESS

"Clothes are not the man but a most important part of him."

The value of the impression made by good clothes upon the business and social affairs of life: in which we all strive to figure to the very best advantage was recognized years before Shakespeare wrote "apparel oft proclaims the man." Dress is a factor in business no less than in society and in both, the first impression made is the most important. The importance of good clothes in making this first impression favorable cannot be overestimated. It helps towards the object to be gained. If you have an important part to play in your business life remember that you must dress up to it. Cheap clothes can never impart that impression of prosperity which plays so important a part in our lives. The successful business man is invariably well dressed: he recognizes the fact, that to be successful he must at all times appear at his best. An unkempt and "seedy" person does not command that amount of respect and confidence that a "well groomed" well dressed man commands.

We'd like to "tailor" you. Better let's make you a suit or top coat. I can assure you that we will do our very best to please you, and make you a well dressed man

HUGH

Suits to Order \$20 to \$75.

If you want the best that Grand Rapids can produce in the clothing line better see "Hugh" about it.

When Will You Be In?

We need you in our business; fact can't get along without you. Come in today and let's give you a suit (not lawsuit) talk. We sell shirts, good ones at 50 cents, better ones at \$1.00, and the best at \$1.50. Although our shirt "tale" is not as long as our suit talk yet we are "long" on shirts, having a very large and complete line to select from.

Hugh G. Corbett,

Railroad fare within a radius of 10 miles refunded on every \$10.00 purchase.

Bogger Bldg. East Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHAT'S

Your Idea about Paint?

LOW PRICE is LOW QUALITY.

Paint "as good as"

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

(there's none better) cannot be sold for less than we ask. If less is asked, you know the quality is lower and it's not cheap. It's poorly made, contains poor material, or is short measure. You get what you pay for every time.

SOLD BY

OTTO'S PHARMACY.

YOU KNOW THE PLACE.

SITE OF DAM LOCATED

The Consolidated Company will Put Dam Below Bridge.

The members of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper company have decided to put in their big dam below the Green Bay and Western bridge. This determination coincides with the wishes of the people of the city and means that the beauty of the rapids at this point will not be entirely spoiled, as must have been the case had the dam been constructed above the bridge as was at first intended.

The dam will run from the head of the Garrison island across to Foundry island and following the trend of the land at this point for a distance, across to the shore. The height of the dam will be about twenty feet, on an average, from the river bed.

Large sluiceways will be put into the dam so that in case of high water these sluices can be opened if necessary and thus relieve the pressure and height of water should there be any danger of damage to surrounding property. The members of the company also figure that they will gain somewhat in the amount of power they will receive and will avoid all of the trouble that might arise from carrying the water thru a long sluiceway as would be the case were the dam placed above the bridge as first intended.

The placing of the dam below the bridge will also bring contiguous to the city a fine body of water, almost a lake, which will be in the neighborhood of 1,000 feet wide at the south end and extend up river in varying width for a distance of two or three miles. This will be an ideal spot for sailing or the running of small steam or gasoline launches.

The work on the dam has been commenced and will be carried forward as rapidly as possible. Where the dam crosses there is very swift water in places and as a consequence the construction work will be more difficult than it would be otherwise.

There is no question but what the majority of the people of this city will be glad to hear that the change has been definitely decided upon. The company has been in favor of the change for some time, but the plans as originally drawn had the dam above the bridge and the matter had to be considered from all points of view before the change was made.

Assessors in Session.

Pursuant to the call issued by Supervisor of Assessment J. W. Cochran the various assessors of the county met at the court house on Tuesday afternoon to listen to some good advice concerning their work for the coming year. Every assessor in the county was present and they were addressed by the supervisor of assessments and also by Judge Gaynor, whose notions of taxation and assessment are not only clear, but he also has the faculty of expressing his views to others.

The assessors who were in last year understood the situation pretty clearly before attending the meeting, and it was only the newly elected ones from whom any trouble was expected, and it is probable that these are now fairly well posted on the subject.

The efforts of the supervisor of assessments is directed toward having all property assessed as nearly at its real value as possible and also to have all property assessed whenever possible to do so. If this method is carried out no injustice will be done to anyone and every person will be paying his just share of the tax. The meeting adjourned at four o'clock so as to allow all the assessors who had come by train to get home the same day.

Were Good Keepers.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Wisconsin State Cranberry Growers association was held on Sunday at the office of Judge John A. Gaynor. The meeting was held for the purpose of transacting some business relative to the association, but among the matters that came up incidentally was the examination of a number of specimens of berries that were grown last year and had been preserved to test their keeping qualities.

These berries were the same ones that were on exhibition at the January meeting of the association, mention of which was made in the Tribune. In the interval they had been shipped to Madison where they had been exhibited, and back here, and the condition they were in was even a surprise to the growers themselves. The bulk of them were as crisp and plump as freshly picked fruit and showed little or no deterioration.

The varieties are those that have been propagated at the experimental station and demonstrated that if the proper varieties are selected that the cranberry can be kept as easily as the apple, and the knowledge may in time result in great profit to cranberry growers.

For Cemetery Improvement.

A meeting for the purpose of electing officers and perfecting plans for the improvement of Forest Hill cemetery, will be held at the Wood Co. National Bank on Saturday evening May 2nd at 7:30 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.

The responses to the request made in the last issue of the Tribune have been quite encouraging, but as it is already time to commence work, it is desirable that all interested should report before or at the meeting so that the money may be in the hands of the treasurer as soon as May 5th.

Try Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, the best physic. For sale at Johnson & Hill Co and Wood County Drug Co.

Observe Anniversary.

The Odd Fellows of this city observed the anniversary of the founding of the order on Sunday, April 26. The members of the Odd Fellows, Encampment and Daughters of Rebekah met at their hall on Sunday morning and marched in a body to the Congregational church, where the Rev. Mr. Clark of Stevens Point preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Sunday was the 84th anniversary and during these years the order has seen many a similar organization spring into existence, live a short time and then die a natural death.

The order has always been rather a conservative one and is recognized as one of the two great secret organizations of the world.

The Grand Rapids lodge dates its existence back about thirty years, during which time it has passed thru the vicissitudes incident to an organization of this kind. In the Encampment and subordinate lodge here there are about seventy members and the Daughters of Rebekah numbers about the same, making in all a very healthy organization.

Race Track News.

The promoters of the track scheme expect to hold a meeting in this city in the near future for the purpose of seeing what can be done toward organizing a society for the purpose of holding agricultural exhibitions and races here each year.

One of the places that have been looked over with a view to buying for the purpose in question is the Robinson farm west of the city. This contains 337 acres, and while this much land will not be necessary for the purpose in view, it will have to be all purchased, after which that part that is not needed can be disposed of for agricultural purposes.

Parties who have looked over the ground say that the situation is an ideal one for the purpose, and although definite has been done in the matter, it is probable that this tract of land will be given the preference.

Good grounds properly fenced could be turned to a good many uses besides the holding of agricultural fairs and would undoubtedly be used considerably during the year.

In Justice Court.

The court of Burton L. Brown was kept pretty busy during the past week attending to the gleanings from the Bowers, where there had been an unusual number of wayward ones who had neglected to stop before they had got a full load and as a consequence had been gathered in by the police. They all acknowledged the corn when brought before the justice and pleading guilty paid their fines and costs and departed in a state of beastly sobriety.

Lloyd Moore and George Charbinow held a horse race on French street on Sunday, and they were gathered in by the police and subsequently paid \$5.20 each for their amusement. The judge neglected to learn which of the young men won the race, so it is impossible to give the result. It is probable that they will hold their horse races in a more secluded spot hereafter.

A Great Comedy Production.

Elmer Walters' latest sensation, "A Millionaire Tramp," contains seven of the strongest comedy characters that have ever been collected in one play. Each one differs vastly from the other, and lends opportunity for variety and action. The ghost scene in the first and the darky porter's scene in the third act are two of the funniest imaginable. The dramatic scenes are fully abreast of the comedy, and the scenic mounting superb. The church of the holy cross in the second act is one of the handsomest settings of the kind that has ever been attempted. The opera house in the third act is a decided novelty, something entirely new and out of the ordinary. While the old hotel in the last act is the very embodiment of quaintness and originality. At the Grand Opera House Thursday evening, April 30.

To Effect a Settlement.

E. R. Mullen, who represents the foundry company that furnished the pipe for the water works system and W. G. VanDyke, who represents the Fidelity and Casualty company that signed the bond for A. N. Pope, who started to put in the waterworks system, are in the city today for the purpose of effecting a settlement with the city. A meeting was held this morning between the board of public works and the gentlemen named, but owing to the fact that some of those that were supposed to be present were not there, the meeting was postponed until 2 o'clock this afternoon.

There was a little difference in opinion between the city fathers and these companies with which they had to deal, hence the trip here by these gentlemen to settle the matter.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their annual inter-county convention, Marathon and Wood, in Grand Rapids on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 12th and 13th, at the M. E. church, east side, at which the state president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Mary Upham of Marshfield, will be present; also Mrs. Fellette, president of the inter-county union; Mrs. Nellie G. Burger, national lecturer and organizer, and Miss Louis Russell, state lecturer and organizer. There will also be papers from different unions and music.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

BRIEF CITY ITEMS

An X-Ray Machine.—Among the new paraphernalia that Dr. Rockwell has recently installed in his office in the Pomainville block is an X-ray machine which will be used by him for the different purposes to which one of these machines can be put. The X-ray is not a new thing, nor is this the first one of the kind that has been in the city, but still there are a great many people who never saw one and the experiments that are possible with one of the machines are always of interest to the layman. With the aid of the fluoroscope one can view the bones of his hand or other parts of the body with the greatest clearness and the motion of the bones in working the hand can be seen so plainly that it is hard to believe that they are surrounded by any flesh at all. Other experiments equally interesting and marvelous are performed. While the rays are not only very useful in locating any foreign substance in the flesh and seeing the condition of a broken bone, are also said to be efficacious in the treatment of cancer. Experiments along this line have been in progress during the past two years, and while some have been benefited by the treatment, others have apparently been permanently cured. In many of these cases enough time has not elapsed to say that the cure has been permanent, as this can only be determined later, but the benefit has been very marked in many cases. The doctor has engaged the entire upstairs of the block where he is located and has fitted up a part of it to be used as a sort of hospital, so that patients who are brought to him may remain and receive treatment right there if they desire.

Two Nice Concerts.—The band got out on Thursday and Saturday nights and rendered two fine concerts for the edification of the public. The west side concert was played from the balcony on the side of the Central Hardware company's store and on the east side they played from the balcony of the opera house. It is really a surprise to the people at large to hear how much the band has improved during the past winter and they now seem to have started on the road that leads as near perfection as the average amateur band generally reaches. They have done a lot of practicing during the past winter, and as all of the members have stuck together pretty well and attended practice regularly they have benefited greatly by their winter rehearsals. There is no question that the people appreciate the concert, as while they are in progress there is hardly room on the street for spectators to squeeze thru.

Preparing For a Timo.—The local lodge of Eagles will be organized in this city tomorrow. The boys are preparing for a time, the like of which has not been seen in this city for some days. A special car will be brought down from Wausau with a large delegation from that city who will assist in the initiatory ceremonies. The boys here have engaged the band to meet the visiting members, and a parade will be formed at the depot and march to the Forester hall, where the work will be done. The initiation will occur during the afternoon and evening and after this is over the new members and their guests will partake of a banquet which will be served by the members of the Womans Relief corps and which will be spread in the G. A. R. hall. About eighty have signified their intention of going into the order. Al Abrahams, state grand president, of Superior, will be here to have charge of the initiation.

Hotel Loss Adjusted.—The adjusters for the companies that held the risks on the Dixon House arrived in the city last Friday and began their work at once. The loss on the furniture of the house was adjusted at \$932.93 without any differences. But on the building an agreement between Mr. Dixon and the adjusters could not be arrived at. In order to settle the matter to the satisfaction of all two appraisers were chosen, they being Contractor Anton Billmyre of this city and contractor Frége of Milwaukee. These two gentlemen got together and after looking the matter over decided that \$4,952 would cover the damage to the building, which figure was accepted by Mr. Dixon. Mr. Dixon states that when the house is rebuilt it will be better than ever before, as it is his intention to make as many improvements as possible and have the furnishings first class thruout.

Work on Bridge.—Contractor Bricks, who has been in town for some time past and who will have charge of the work of reconstructing the bridge has had a small gang of men at work for some time past preparing for the work. A load of plank and heavy timbers have been unloaded and floated across to the island where some of the framing for the false work has been in progress. Several cars of timber and plank have arrived in the city. This will all be used for false work, with the exception of the planks, as the bridge when finished will all be of steel.

The Elks Ball.—One of the most pleasant parties that has been held in this city for some time was the dance given on Tuesday evening by the local lodge of Elks. The rain that fell in liberal quantities about 9 o'clock probably kept some from participating that had been figuring on going, but there were about sixty couples in attendance, enough to fill the hall in good shape. The music furnished by the Monarch orchestra was fully up to its old standard and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

A friend of the Home—A face of the Trust

Calumet Baking Powder

Moderate in price—Makes purest food.

A Wedding Anniversary.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Slattery assembled at their home on Monday evening and treated that worthy couple to a surprise, the occasion being the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding. A very enjoyable evening was spent, refreshments being served and games and other amusements being indulged in by those present. The guests departed for home wishing Mr. and Mrs. Slattery many happy returns.

Elks Elect Officers.—At the last meeting of the Elks the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Exalted ruler, W. A. Drumb; esteemed leading knight, W. G. Scott; esteemed loyal knight, O. R. Roenius; esteemed lecturing knight, C. S. Whittlesey; secretary, Sam Church; treasurer, J. P. Witter. The appointive officers are M. J. Slattery, Tyler; A. B. Sutor, inner guard; L. M. Slattery, chaplain; J. C. Willard, Esquire.

Nearing Completion.—Work on the new high school building has been progressing at a satisfactory rate for some weeks past and there is hope now that the building will be completed in time for the graduating exercises which occur the latter part of May. The carpenters started this week to put down the flooring in the different rooms, after which the painters will do their work and the building can be occupied.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses have been granted by the county clerk during the past week: August Treirwiler and Anna Mercea, both of Marshfield. Frank Ashbeck and Katy Altman, both of Milladore. Emil Price of Marshfield and Gertrude Seidler of the town of Lincoln.

Played at Stevens Point.—The high school team played the team at Stevens Point last Saturday and skinned their opponents by a score of 8 to 5. The high school track team expects to go to Wausau in the near future to try conclusions with our neighbors in that line.

Injured in a Runaway.

W. B. Naylor, Sr., was quite seriously injured last Sunday afternoon by being thrown from his buggy, while he and his son, W. B. Naylor Jr., were driving near the new High school. The ponies they were driving were acting a little gay, as a result of which the pole was broken and they then became unmanageable. The buggy was overturned and Mr. Naylor Sr., sustained a very hard fall. No bones were broken but he was injured internally from which hemorrhage afterward set in.

For a couple of days his condition was somewhat alarming, but he has since been steadily improving and his recovery seems to be assured. Mr. Naylor, Jr., was also thrown from the buggy but was uninjured.—Tomah Journal.

Mr. Naylor is well known to many of our older settlers, having lived here at one time. He being an invalid and well along in years he may be considered lucky to have escaped with his life.

Chapel Car.

The Chapel Car, Glad Tidings, will arrive at Wisconsin Central depot Saturday morning May 2nd, for special evangelistic services; meetings will be held daily beginning Saturday evening at 7:30. Sunday services as follows: Preaching at 11 a. m., chalice talk to young people at three o'clock, preaching in the evening at 7:30. Mrs. C. H. Rust, who is an accomplished soloist will assist in the services.

Last week's announcement of the Chapel Car was hailed with delight by those who have had the privilege of attending these meetings in other places, and every one should avail himself of this rare opportunity of hearing the Gospel on wheels.

Letter List.

East Side: W. Brobrowski, S. N. Baum, D. W. Brown, Allen Camp, bell, Harry Goddard, Corroll Gray (2), Dan Jankoske (2), Chas. A. Javes, A. Jacobs, John Kauth, H. Meyer, Anton Mukatok, A. Muller, J. O. Nelson, W. R. Thompson, Mrs. Anna Iverson, Miss Amelia Iverson, Alice Lundy (2), Mrs. Florence Price, Minnie Reheman, Anna Fully.

West Side: Miss Jennie Lundberg, Miss Alvina Newman, Frank Mihalak, Osborn Goddard, Henry Shoe-mea.

Took Paris Green.

Jeha Teske, a resident of Abundale, took Paris green on Tuesday of last week, from the effects of which he died the following night. Teske went to the cemetery to commit the deed, but not dying he went to a neighbors barn, where he was discovered and taken to a doctor. He leaves a wife and eight children. An inquest was held and the jury rendered a verdict of suicide.

—Bicycles \$1.00 per week at Daly's

Market Prices. The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids...

NEW SHOES! I have just unpacked a large consignment of the very latest in footwear. Here are some that I have: Dr. Reed's Cushion sole shoe for sore feet...

PLUMBING AND STEAM FITTING All Work Guaranteed to be of the best Shop at Metzger's old stand on Baker Street east of the court house. A. GITCHELL, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

..MONEY.. I can loan you money on good real estate security. Farm and city property bought and sold. ABSTRACTS OF TITLE correctly made. Mortgages, Deeds, Satisfaction Pieces, Powers of Attorney, Etc., carefully executed. C. E. BOLES TELEPHONE 232. Office in MacKinnon Block, west end of bridge. Patronize Home Industry by having your work done at the Riverside Steam Laundry. All work guaranteed. GEORGE ROYER, PROP. West Side, Near Commercial House.

To Colorado in 1903. The Passenger Department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway has issued a very interesting folder, giving information as to reduced rates and sleeping car service...

It Pays to Advertise. A pocket purse containing quite a sum of money was lost by Thomas Banks a couple of weeks ago and notices were placed in the postoffice and other buildings, but without results...

J. H. LANDRY WEST SIDE, NEAR BRIDGE. GRAND RAPIDS, - WIS. WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES. South Bound/North Bound

CHICHESTER'S ENGLISH PENNYROYAL PILLS Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes. Wait Till You're Cooler. If you get mad at a man, make up your mind what you're going to say...

Plumber Hated to Give Up. There has just been buried at Lock, in Poland, a centenarian named Jacob Belcher, for whom a "second" might almost certainly be claimed...

Dreadful Attack of Whooping Cough. Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of 300 Park, Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows: "Our two children had a severe attack of whooping cough, one of them in the paroxysm of coughing would often faint and bleed at the nose..."

Notice of Application. In Wood County Court-In Probate. STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss. County of Wood.

Animals That Delight to Play. In animals the faculty of amusement awakes very early. Our four footed friends seem to be aware of this and make it a part of their parental duties to amuse their young...

Unappreciated. The shrewdness of one of the founders of a famous estate in Maine gave rise to many amusing stories, one of which has recently been retold. One day the man, who was a large lumber operator, was superintending a crew which was breaking up a log jam in the river...

Don't! Don't get the notion that the curative power of a medicine exists in the name. It must be in the medicine itself. You have heard of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup. It is not made of figs because the laxative principal of figs are the seeds, yet it is as pleasant to take as figs are to eat...

Better Than Pills. The question has been asked, "In what way are Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets superior to pills?" Our answer is: They are easier and more pleasant to take, more mild and gentle in effect and more reliable as they can always be depended upon...

Journalist's Happy Phrase. Congressman Littlefield of Maine was assuring some Washington correspondents that journalistic talent is not confined to the national capital. "Why, I know of a reporter," he said, "who was describing the wreck of a vessel on the Maine coast. This was one of the sentences: 'At this moment a giant wave swept over the doomed craft and six poor sailors bit the dust.' Any of you fellows ever beat that?" The correspondents said in chorus: "I hope not!"

Many years ago Sir Thomas Lipton was a passenger on an East India steamer bound for Ceylon. While in the Red Sea the boat was disabled, and it became necessary to throw overboard a part of her cargo. Lipton was an interested spectator of the preparations for lightening the ship. Suddenly he bolted the scene and by a twenty dollar dicker with the chief engineer secured a paint brush and a pot of black paint. Then, to the astonishment of the captain and passengers, he cheerfully labeled each box and bale thrown overboard "The Lipton's Teas."

The first schools in some Maine towns have been attended with romantic circumstances. The first school in Guilford, for want of a better place in which to fertilize the young idea, was held "in the loft over Captain Bennett's open shed." In Dexter the first gathering ofurchins for instruction was in "Lieutenant Stafford's barn."

An Old Legacy. A Wednesbury (England) resident in the sixteenth century left \$1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times, the money was invested in land (in this case in minerals), and the original legacy has increased in value to \$20,000. Instead of the three gowns and three coats the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

Hard to Please. Brown-You don't look very happy, Dumley. Dumley-I have just lost a liver on a bet. Brown-That's bad. Dumley-Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and that young squirt of a doctor, Tiptaville, bet me a liver he could cure it before night, and I'll be hanged if he didn't win the money!

THE RELIEF AND AID COMMITTEEMAN (Original.) In the rooms of the relief and aid committee to distribute funds contributed to sufferers by the great Chicago fire of 1871 Edward Tucker, a committeeman, sat writing. "Can you tell me how to secure aid?" Tucker looked up into the kindly, patient face of an old woman who wore a faded, threadbare dress that many years before must have been costly. "Have you been burned out, madam?" he asked. "Well, no, not exactly, but we are somewhat straitened in our circumstances. My husband was a banker. He died many years ago and left us without anything to live on, and" (confidentially) "I wasn't brought up right. My father had been rich. I couldn't take hold for myself." "What was your husband's name?" "Plumber-Ralph B. Plumber of Plumber & Chubb, bankers." Mr. Tucker started. "You knew him?" "Yes. That is many years ago. He was a great deal older than I and rich. I was a poor boy then. Give me your address, Mrs. Plumber." She gave him an address which Tucker noted, and the old lady withdrew. Tucker took a checkbook from his desk and wrote a check. Then stepping to a man who sat at another desk he said: "Exchange check for that, please, payable to Mrs. Ralph B. Plumber." The check was duly made out, and Tucker went to his room to prepare for dinner, which he usually took at his club. As he entered he sighed. No one was ever in the room but himself and a servant. It was a dreary place, though it was handsomely furnished. Tucker sat down and brooded for awhile, as he had brooded many a time before, on the fact that with all his means for the procurement of a home he had no home. Why was he not married? There were a dozen women among the wealthy people with whom he moved who had angled for him. Perhaps it was because they angled that he did not care to marry them. Presently he arose languidly and made his toilet. He dined alone at his club and after dinner set out to find Mrs. Plumber. He was admitted by a girl of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, hearing the same impress of refinement as her mother. She resembled her father, especially as Tucker had known him when he was perhaps ten years older than the daughter was now. "Your mother called this morning at the relief and aid committee's room, and I have called to examine the case," said Tucker in a kindly tone. He was introduced into the living room, where Mrs. Plumber received him with astonishment, and he sat down on a chair with holes in the seat almost large enough to let him through. He asked Mrs. Plumber about her resources; then, apparently satisfied that it was a proper case for the committee to relieve, took out its check for \$500. Mrs. Plumber, to whom he handed it, was too dazed at receiving a check at all to notice the amount and turned it over to her daughter. Margaret Plumber glanced at it and handed it back to Tucker, with the remark that there must be some mistake. It was some time before he could convince the two of the extreme liberality of the committee in their case. Tucker called often, every time bringing a check signed by the cashier of the relief and aid society till the abode of the Plumbers was painted and furnished and their wardrobe renewed. He took Margaret Plumber out to amusements and to drive and spent many an evening with her at her home. One evening he brought a check from the relief and aid society which Margaret declined. "There is no further occasion," she said, "for this assistance. I have been studying shorthand and typewriting and have finished my studies and secured a situation. Now I wish, Mr. Tucker, that you would give me some hint as to how I may show you my appreciation of your kindly interest which has resulted in these checks." "There is but one way and that would be asking too much." "Name it, and I promise you it shall be done." "If not repugnant to you." "Nothing I can do for you would be repugnant to me." "You will not think me selfish?" "I am sure you could never be selfish. Come, tell me what is this return?" "Marry me." The girl looked at him as though she did not understand. "Marry you?" "No, never mind. I'm too old-and prosaic. I've not been brought up in the refined way you have. I had to scratch when very young. And, now I'm on my shortcomings, I may as well confess that the relief and aid money you have received did not come from the committee at all. It is merely a return of money loaned me by your father when I was sixteen years old and a clerk in his bank. He advanced me \$500 to start with in business. I returned the amount, but think of the money it enabled me to make! I consider you and your mother entitled to half my fortune. No; for me to aspire to the hand of Mr. Plumber's daughter is absurd." For the moment he was again the office boy, Margaret Plumber the banker's daughter. Margaret continued to stare at him as he proceeded, then the whole meaning of it all seemed to break upon her, and she threw herself into his arms. THOMAS BARBER JUDSON.

MY RUBY WEDDING RING

By L. Frank Baum

THE inn at Louvre was very disagreeable. The odor of garlic and cabbage and the dampness and dirt were unsupportable, and so I decided to push on to Danvers. The only vehicle I could procure was a rattling two-seated gig drawn by a bony white horse of doubtful ability, but as my destination was only three hours away and I was not liable to meet any one on the lonely road I started off cheerfully enough, resolved to enjoy my solitary drive to the utmost.

The moonlight as it glinted on the soft green of the hedges and streaked the gray of the dusty road was very beautiful, and before half a league had been passed over I heartily congratulated myself upon my good fortune in escaping the horrible inn at Louvre.

After an hour's dreamy and delightful ride I came to a crossroads where with difficulty I deciphered the battered signpost and learned I must turn to the left to reach Danvers. So, clucking up my deliberate steed, who proceeded in a half-dignified, half-protesting fashion, I turned into a grassy lane between two tall hedges and drove through a lonely district until the dreamy influence of the night overcame me and I drifted into a somnolent state midway between sleep and waking.

I was aroused by the sudden halting of my horse, who gave a frightened snort and planted both front feet firmly before him.

A subdued sobbing, as of a woman in distress, fell upon my ears, and, leaning forward, I peered into the moonlight to discover whence it came.

A high brick wall ran close to the roadway, covered with ivy and lichens, and leaning against an angle of this, a few steps before me, was a slight, girlish form draped in a dark mantle.

I sprang to the ground and softly approached her. Her face was buried in her hands, and she sobbed bitterly.

"Mademoiselle," I said, speaking in French, "you are in trouble. Can I assist you in any way?"

She lifted her head, and the moonlight fell upon the most beautiful face I have ever seen. Absolutely faultless in feature, it was surmounted by a crown of yellow hair that shone like gold in the glare of the moonbeams, while a pair of deep violet eyes that even tears could not dim looked earnestly into mine.

"Who are you?" I asked gently, "and why are you here?"

"I am Amelie de Bourbons, monsieur, and I reside at the chateau just within these gates."

The soft, musical notes of her voice added to the powerful impression her exquisite beauty had already produced upon my heart.

"But it is late," I continued. "Surely some great misfortune must have befallen you to bring you here at this hour."

"It is true, monsieur," she replied, struggling with a new paroxysm of grief. "Tomorrow is my wedding day."

"But is that so terrible an event?" I asked.

"If you but knew, monsieur," she said, "how vile and brutal is the man they are forcing me to marry, you would willingly save me from my horrible fate."

She accompanied these words with an appealing look into my face, and then she dropped her head and sobbed anew.

I did not stop to reason upon the strangeness of all this. I was a young, generous-hearted man in those days and could not resist this appeal from beauty in distress.

"But tell me," I said, "how can I save you from this distasteful marriage? Do you wish to fly? I have a conveyance close by and will gladly escort you to a place of safety."

"To fly would avail me nothing," she answered, with a sweet sadness. "They would follow us and force me to return."

"But how else can I save you?" I asked helplessly.

"I do not know," she replied, with a sudden calmness that suggested despair, "but unless you can find some way to succor me I shall take my own life."

There was no doubt from the expression of her low, earnest voice that she meant this, and, filled with consternation at the thought, I racked my brains for some way to preserve both her life and happiness.

At last an idea came to me, but I trembled at my own presumption as I suggested it.

"Mademoiselle," I said haltingly, "I see but one alternative. You must marry me."

The violet eyes opened wide in surprise. "Marry you, monsieur?"

"Then pursuit would be useless. Being my wife, you would escape this villain who insists upon wedding you. I am free and able to give you all that would add to your happiness, and I shall learn to love you very dearly. It is true that I am a stranger to you, but I assure you I am in all ways worthy to seek both your heart and your hand."

She gazed with earnest intentness into my face for a moment and then replied slowly:

"I think I shall trust you, monsieur. Indeed, I cannot help myself. I will be your wife."

There was no coyness in her answer; no blush tinted the pale, beautiful face; but she drew herself up with an air of simple dignity that commanded my respect and admiration.

Refusing my proffered assistance, Mlle. de Bourbons walked to the carriage and sprang lightly to the back seat. Rather awkwardly I took my place in front, gathered up the reins and drove off as swiftly as I could induce the ancient steed to move.

Mademoiselle drew her mantle closely over her head and shoulders, and only once during the long drive did she speak. Then it was to direct me to the Tregonne road.

With ample time for reflection my adventure now began to seem rather queer and uncanny, and by the time we



"I think I shall trust you, monsieur," discovered the lights of Tregonne twinkling before us I had come to doubt the perfect wisdom of my present course.

But it was too late to draw back now, and the girl was very beautiful.

"This is the notary's," said my companion in her low, sweet voice, indicating by a gesture a rambling structure from whose windows gleamed a single light.

I leaped out, found the door at the end of a long pathway and knocked upon it loudly.

A tall, thin man beyond the middle age, holding a tallow candle high above his head, answered my call.

"You are the notary?" I asked briefly. He nodded assent.

"I wish to be married," "Married!" he echoed in surprise. "But when, monsieur?"

"Now, at once."

"But the bride, monsieur?"

"I will fetch the bride. She is waiting without."

I thought he intended to protest, so I left him abruptly and returned for the lady. She was already coming toward the house, and as I met her she motioned me to go before, while she followed silently up the pathway.

The notary admitted us without ceremony, and we entered a small, dimly lighted room that appeared to be a study.

My companion at once seated herself in an armchair, but without removing the mufflers from her face.

The notary snuffed the candle, arranged his books and, turning to me with a penetrating look, said:

"I must know your name, monsieur."

"Richard Harrington."

"Your residence?"

"I am an American."

He wrote the answers in his book. Then, glancing toward the armchair, he continued:

"The lady's name?"

I waited for her to reply, but as she remained silent I answered:

"Amelie de Bourbons."

"Who?" cried the notary in a loud voice, springing to his feet, while a look of fear and consternation spread over his wrinkled face.

"Amelie de Bourbons," I repeated slowly, infected by the man's agitation in spite of myself.

The notary stared wildly at the muffled form of the lady. Then he drew out his handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"What does this mean, monsieur?" I demanded angrily.

The man heeded me not the slightest; but, clutching the edge of the table to steady himself and extending his long, bony finger toward the girl, he exclaimed:

"Are you Amelie de Bourbons?"

Slowly, with admirable grace and dignity, the lady threw back her mantle, and her marvelous beauty was again revealed.

The notary, with distended eyes fixed upon the vision, sank back in his chair with a low moan.

"This must be explained, monsieur," I cried, striding to his side and grasping his shoulder. "Is there any reason why I should not marry Mlle. de Bourbons?"

"Mlle. de Bourbons," returned the notary, still regarding her with horror. "has been dead these forty years!"

"Dead!" I echoed, staring first at the notary and then at the girl, while a sense of bewilderment overcame me.

Mlle. de Bourbons arose with a charming smile and came to my side.

"See, monsieur," she exclaimed mockingly and giving me her hand. "Do you also think me dead?"

The hand was as cold as ice, but its touch sent a strange thrill through my body.

"Come, monsieur," I said to the notary, who watched the scene in amazement. "Read the ceremony at once. We are in haste."

Slowly and with trembling voice the notary obeyed, the girl at my side returning the answers in a sweet, collected voice that disarmed my fears and calmed to some extent the notary himself.

I drew a seal ring from my finger and placed it upon her icy hand, and in its place she slipped a large ruby from her own hand upon mine.

The ceremony concluded, I paid the notary, thanking him briefly for his services, and, followed by my bride, walked down the path to my carriage. The notary stood in the doorway lighting us with the candle.

At the carriage I turned to hand my wife to her seat, but she had disappeared.

I ran back to the doorway.

"Where is my wife?" I asked.

"She followed you down the path," said the man.

"But she is not there."

Without a word the notary accompanied me back to the carriage. No trace of the girl was to be seen.

Right and left among the shrubbery I searched. I called aloud her name, entreating her to come to me, but no sight of the beautiful face rewarded my efforts.

I returned to the notary's study filled with vague misgivings.

"Where can she be?" I asked dismally.

"In her grave," was the hoarse answer.

"Monsieur?"

"I told you before that she was dead. It is true. You have wedded a ghost."

The next morning, in company with the notary, I drove down the road till we came to the brick wall where I had first seen Amelie de Bourbons.

We entered the gates and walked to the chateau that stood in the neglected grounds. An old woman admitted us, the caretaker, and at the notary's request allowed us to visit the gallery.

The notary threw back the shutters, and the sun came in and flooded the portrait of a beautiful girl whose violet eyes regarded me with the same sweet expression I had noted in my bride of the previous evening.

"It is Amelie de Bourbons," said the notary in a gentle voice. "I have seen this picture often and heard the girl's pitiful story, and that is why I knew her last night to be a mere phantom. Her father was a stern, hard man, who insisted upon her marrying a person utterly distasteful to the young girl. She tried to escape, but was captured and brought home to confront her fate. On the wedding morning they found her dead in her bed. She had taken her own life. That was forty years ago, monsieur."

As we left the room I glanced curiously at the ruby that sparkled on my finger.

I wear it to this day.

It is the only evidence I have ever possessed of my phantom bride.

Large Connection.

An amusing story is told of Robert Simson, who was professor of mathematics at the University of Glasgow and as eccentric in some ways as he was brilliant in others. He always counted his steps on the street and allowed nothing to interfere with this valuable practice. If any one spoke to him during the process, he repeated the number of the last step taken and stopped short until he could resume his count and walk on.

One day he was accosted by a man who knew him by sight, but had never been told of the professor's habit of counting steps.

"I beg your pardon, professor," he said, at which the mathematician halted, murmuring "Five hundred and seventy-three."

"May I have a word with you?" asked the man.

"Most happy—573."

"Oh, no; merely one question."

"Well—573."

"You are too kind; but, knowing your acquaintance with the late Dr. B., may I venture to ask whether I am right in saying that he left £500 to each of his nieces?"

"Precisely—573."

"And there were four nieces, were there not?"

"Exactly—573."

The man stared at the professor, and then, muttering, "Five hundred and seventy-three—he must be crazy!" he made a hasty bow and started away.

"No, no," cried the professor, taking a step as he spoke; "not 573 nieces—four—574!"

A Friendly Tip.

Mr. Jones kept a toyshop and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it, and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, so after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above.

"Who's there?" said Jones.

"Don't make a noise," said the man in a whisper. "but come down as quietly as you can."

At this request our friend thought there must be something the matter. So, after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to ask what it was.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in, quick! You've got a bite!"

If you find you've no time to spare in writing those good

Old Folks

back East, send 'em this paper. It tells more than a letter.

A Valuable Medicine.

For Coughs and Colds in Children.

"I have not the slightest hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all who are suffering from coughs or colds," says Chas. M. Cramer, Esq., a well known watch maker, of Colombo, Ceylon. "It has been some two years since the City Dispensary first called my attention to this valuable medicine and I have repeatedly used it and it has always been beneficial. It has cured me quickly of all chest colds. It is especially effective for children and seldom takes more than one bottle to cure them of hoarseness. I have persuaded many to try this valuable medicine, and they are all as well as myself over the results." For sale by Johnson & Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Half Rates to New Orleans, La.

Via the North-Western line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for round trip May 1, 2, 3 and 4, limited for return by special extension until May 30, inclusive, on account of Annual Meeting American Medical Association. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Pleasant to the Taste.

One of the most important requirements in a medicine to be given to small children should be that it is pleasant to taste. Bad tasting medicines disturb the stomach, destroy the appetite and it is extremely difficult to get children to take them. The pleasant flavor of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup the certain cure for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness pleases the most sensible persons and is the ideal laxative for young children. Sold by Sam Church Druggist.

Pierpont Morgan's Straight Talk.

Pierpont Morgan was besieged by a group of newspapermen in Washington one day last week. They wanted to get his opinions on some of the problems confronting Wall street. "Gentlemen," said the multimillionaire, "your business is to get news and print it; mine is to do things if I can. Now, suppose I gave you the news in advance regarding things I may try to do. You would be the winners and I the loser, and you would think me a dunce for letting you win. Good day, gentlemen."

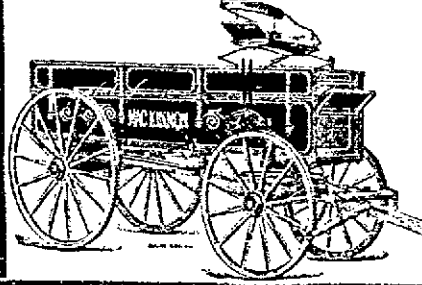
Good for Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain and annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I had seen advertised in the South Jerseyman. After two applications of this Remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle, was completely cured.—SALLIE HARRIS, Salem, N. J. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

THE GRAND RAPIDS WAGON WORKS.

Factory located near the MacKinnon Mfg. Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF



FARM WAGONS, TRUCKS, ETC. ALSO ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING.

We make a specialty of Manufacturing wagons with Metal Covered Hubs.

When in need of a wagon call and take choice

REPAIRING...

I do anything in the line of repairing Sewing machines, bicycles. Razors shears and saws sharpened. All work guaranteed.

The best Carpenter Tools can always be found here.

A full line of fine Cutlery, Guns and Revolvers kept in stock.

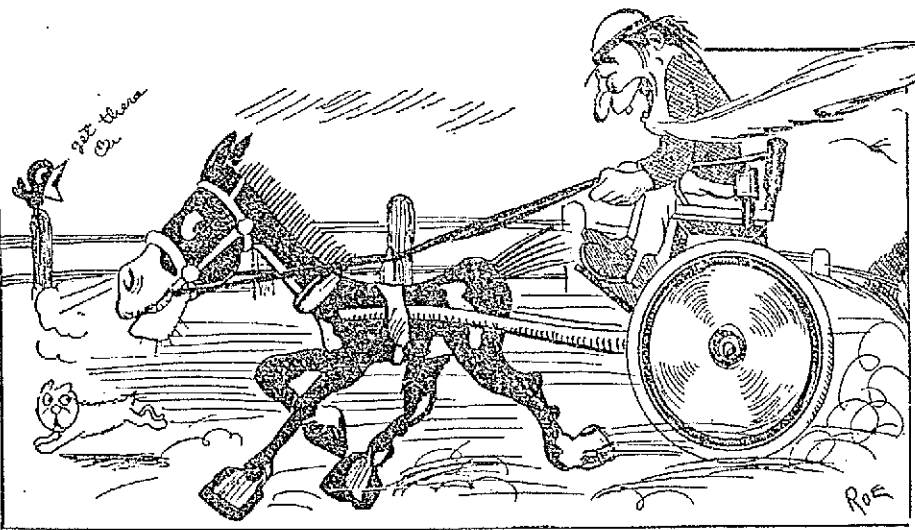
D. M. HUNTINGTON'S, East Side Near City Hall.

A Fair Exchange Is no Robbery.

That is what we give you when you buy Lumber of us. We have got into this habit and we cannot help it now. We manufacture our lumber right here, so you see that there is no freight tacked on for you to pay. That is why our price is always lower than the other fellow's. Let us figure on your bill.

GRAND RAPIDS LBR. CO.

Office west of the St. Paul track.



"IF YOU ARE PROUD OF YOUR HORSE HITCH HIM TO A WAGON THAT WILL NOT DETRACT FROM HIS VALUE"

Have you Got the Hoss? WE HAVE THE CARRIAGE.

Anything in a Surrey, Carriage, Buggy, Cart, Road or Lumber Wagon. Lap Robes, Whips, Harness and buggy oil.

Good Goods. Centralia Hdw. Co. Lowest Prices.

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	75

Facts From the Philippines.

A part of Gen. Miles report has been made public and what he says of the condition of things in the Philippines is fully as bad, if not worse, than they have been painted by the people who have been interested in the matter, but who have been cried down by certain parties who claimed that the alleged disclosures were only political rootbacks.

Gen. Miles tells of cruelty of all kinds, including torture by the water cure, deliberate murder of natives for real or fancied wrongs, and many other misdeeds that should brand the perpetrators as no better than savages.

For a nation that has been doing the strutting that the United States has during the past few years, these disclosures are all the more damning. It is doubtful if the Spaniards practiced anything worse, and it is entirely probable that, on account of their indolence, they were not so bad.

There are men who might go to the Philippines and make a report of what they had seen and the people might doubt the authenticity of their story, but it is not so with General Miles. He has proven himself brave enough to tell the truth under much more pressing circumstances than these, and the people at large will believe him.

There should be a rigid investigation of the facts and if they are as told by the general, and no doubt they are, the guilty ones shall receive the punishment they merit.

Boys, Buy Farms.

If the young men who hang about the city, either working for small pay as clerks and factory hands or "looking for a job," could only be brought to realize how much greater their chances of success would be on a farm, the number of instances where the boy reverses the story book order, and leaves the city to "seek for his fortune" in the country, would be vastly increased. Farm life is infinitely easier and more attractive, in this day of machinery, than in the old times when everything had to be done by dint of muscle; the transition from the position of a laborer to that of the owner of a piece of land is made easier by the higher wages. Now that the spring term of the city school will soon be drawing to a close, boys who want vacation work should be encouraged to seek it on the farm and garden. Good healthy, profitable work can there be found for any number of them. If the monthly cash wages are smaller, the difference is more than offset by the "board and lodging," which the farmer furnishes, and by the circumstances that the requirements of dress are very much smaller in the country.

To Stop Cigarette Smoking.

It seems that at last the law makers of the state have come to a complete realization of the evils that are attendant upon the use of cigarettes. The legislature has taken the matter up and a bill has already passed the assembly which prohibits the sale of cigarettes and the senate has also been wrestling with the subject. It is possible that instead of making the law prohibitive it will put a license of \$500 on the person that sells these little articles commonly designated as "cotton tacks." This latter method would hardly seem to be effective, as it would not prohibit the sale of them altogether, which is the object in view.

Senator Bird has written letters to one hundred high school principals in the state asking them what per cent of their pupils are addicted to the use of cigarettes, what the effect is upon the users of the weed and whether the sale of them ought to be prohibited.

He has received many answers and these invariably state that the influence is a bad one and the percentage given is all the way from nothing to ninety per cent. They also think the sale should be prohibited. The percentage given in Grand Rapids is 15.

Whether a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes would any more than mitigate the evil is doubtful. There is now a law in existence which prohibits the sale of cigarettes to minors, but as most of the high school pupils are minors they seem to be able to get them just the same. If the boy who has reached the high school age cannot be made to see the evil of a habit and thus be induced to stop it, it is doubtful if any law that can be passed would do the business. The average boy of American birth possesses enough mechanical ingenuity to be able to roll a cigarette, and tobacco can be procured anywhere, so that the sale of the evil is not necessary to its existence. Parents should take the matter up with their children and by this means try to accomplish what may be found to be impossible by law.

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

"For ten years I had chronic bronchitis so bad that I could not speak above a whisper," writes Mr. Joseph Coffman, of Montmorency, Ind. "I tried all remedies available, but with no success. Fortunately my employer suggested that I try Foley's Honey and Tar, and always with satisfaction." Sold by Johnson & Hill.

\$53.75 To California and Back.

From Grand Rapids, Wis. to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return. First class tickets.

May 3rd and May 12th to 18th. Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. Return limit July 15th. Ask nearest agent for details, or write to F. A. Miller general passenger agent, Chicago.

—More money than some people have lay. "A Millionaire Tramp."

Concerning Drainage Matter.

The following, taken from the Farmers Sentinel, gives some of the experiences of a man who has been up against the drainage proposition, and is published at the request of one of our subscribers who is intimately interested in the proposed drainage scheme on the Buena Vista marsh:

The one thing to which the attention of the people of this section of Monroe county should be called at this time is the growth and power of the drainage association, its future danger to the taxpayers, and its disregard of individual rights. It is wiser to foresee an evil and take steps to avert it than to pass on heedless of results. It will be well for us to inquire more fully into this drainage question.

Your attention is called to some facts about the drainage tax which have been secured from the treasurer of the town of Kingston, Juneau county. This is the "Little Yellow" drainage district, and the tax this year on wild land ranged from \$8 to \$12 on each forty acres. One man paid on forty-two acres a tax of \$408, and this on land quite a long distance from the ditch. This tax merely goes toward paying for the construction of the main ditch, the laterals not having been dug. The small owners of land have as yet received no benefit from the ditch and keenly feel the burden. Land speculators who sold at good figures on the strength of the drainage system are, however, ahead on the deal. The ditch cost \$90,000, which was borrowed for twenty years at 6 per cent interest and \$1,000 on the principal. Each year the amount to be paid on the principal will be greater than the year before; therefore the taxes in the district will continually increase for twenty years.

Let us make a computation of what the owners in the "Little Yellow" district must pay to cancel the debt. According to the above statement, these lands must pay \$90,000, in twenty years this sum, at 6 per cent interest, will amount to \$176,000, besides the annual tax to keep the ditch in repair. And in addition to this tax three commissioners must be paid \$4,500 each year to make more assessments and to keep the ditch open. If paying the interest, \$4,800, and \$1,000 on the principal make a tax on each forty acres of from \$8 to \$12, the whole debt at once would make a tax on each forty acres of nearly fourteen times this amount. And to pay it at the end of twenty years would cost \$300 on each forty acres; and when the laterals are dug \$600 on each forty acres. The result of "Little Yellow" ditch should prove an object lesson to us.

Let us in the "Dandy Creek" district call a halt and make strenuous efforts to drive out this association. No one objects to their draining their own land, but let them ditch at their own expense. If this "Dandy Creek" ditch and laterals are dug it will cost not less than \$250,000.

Two-thirds of the farmers in this section will not be able to pay the taxes and will lose their homes. It is time this syndicate were shown up by the local press.

This drainage law is a piece of class legislation that should be repealed. It was enacted in the interest of a few men who have drifted in here upon a high tide.

At present these men are masters of the situation, but with an intelligent public opinion thoroughly aroused it is only a question of time when it will compel a fair adjustment of the relation between them and the taxpayers of this section.

All classes of taxpayers in the drainage district should be interested in having remedies promptly applied to this drainage evil Act, while it is yet called today.

ERNEST K. SNELL.

Did They Mean It.

When the campaign was on last fall, one of the things that the republicans most delighted in telling their audiences was that if they were elected they would go down there to Madison and enact a primary election law that would enable every voter to go to the primary and nominate whoever he wanted to run for office. Of course they had told this all two years before when they were looking for office, but they had been rather quiet about it at that time. The democrats had just got thru talking about the primary election law, and of course they did not want to be suspected of adopting anything of a democratic nature.

Whether they got any votes last fall by promising to enact a primary election law cannot be told, but they got enough votes somehow to elect a majority of them. They have been in session now about four months and they seem to be further from passing the law than they were when they met. In fact it has begun to be apparent to the ordinary human being that the majority of them never intended to pass the law if they could get out of it gracefully. They have apparently found the way, but whether it has been accomplished with enough grace to fool their constituents remains to be seen.

Paper From Pine Shavings.

Little more than a month ago a mill at Orange, Tex., turned out paper made from yellow pine shavings. The announcement of the feat has attracted wide attention, inasmuch as it points to the possible utilization of another waste product of the southern lumber industry, and it is reported that John H. Kirby, of Houston, Tex., head of the Kirby Lumber Company, is investigating with a view possibly to erecting in Texas several mills to make paper from the new material. By this process three tons of shavings will make one ton of paper, and putting the cost of shavings at \$1 a ton, we have a ton of paper costing \$3 for the raw material against a cost of \$12.08 for the pulp made in the north. These figures emphasize the value of the experiment made in Orange, for if it proves to be feasible and profitable to make paper out of yellow pine a new industry will be created of very great importance to the whole country.

—120 acres of good farming lands for sale cheap. Inquire of C. F. Kruger at Johnson Hill Co's. store.

—Now is the time to plant box alders. G. Bruderli can supply you with young trees.

Special Train Excursion to La-Crosse, Wis. Popular Rate.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, on Sunday, May 10th. Special free program at Lake Park: Balloon ascension and parachute descent by Madam Frances Le Roy of St. Paul, Minn.

Capt. Zeno—sensational high dive into life-saving net.

Grand band concert and musical program.

Baseball game at LaCrosse ball park, Lennon ball club of St. Paul vs. LaCrosse. General admission free only to holders of excursion tickets.

Also numerous other attractions at LaCrosse which will insure a pleasant time for all excursionists. The special train will leave Grand Rapids at 8 a. m. on Sunday, May 10, and returning will leave LaCrosse at 8 p. m. Sunday, May 10th. Excursion tickets will be good going only on date of sale and returning May 10th on above special train. Sleeping car berth rate in each direction, \$2.00. Make reservations through nearest agents.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.

Crayon Portraits.

—Do you want Crayon or Pastel enlargements? We are making them cheaper and better than you can get them from traveling agents. Crayons that were \$1.98 now \$1.00. Pastels that were \$3.00 now \$1.00. We employ no agents. The Home Portrait company. H. LIPCHOW, Near Central Hardware company. Lock box 12. West side.

Open the door, let in the air, The winds are sweet, the flowers fair, Joy is abroad in the world for me, Since taking Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by Johnson Hill & Co.

Doctors Here Again

THE LAST CHANCE.

For ONE MONTHS TREATMENT WITH MEDICINE FREE

The Doctors of the St. Luke's Hospital have at the request of a number of patients now under their treatment in this county, established a permanent branch office, at the Commercial House in this city, and will be here May 10 and 11. All invalids who call on the doctor in charge on his fourth visit to this city will receive one month's treatment

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE for consultation, examination and all minor surgical operations, and medicine included during the course. Those afflicted with obstinate diseases of long standing restored to health by a never failing scientific method.

Are you suffering with catarrh, anemia, jaundice, eruption on the skin, scrofulous swelling, eczema, pimples, boils, nervousness, sleepless nights, a disordered stomach, with sick headache, and consumption, are you broken down, with cold feet and a loss of nerve force? Do you want to get cured? Diseases of women, irregularities, painful periods, a never failing cure.

Don't wait until you are past help but consult the able Specialist at once.

While he has cured many, there are thousands who should go to him and receive advice and treatment that will prolong their lives and make their remaining years, years of happiness.

The doctor is a man of vast hospital and general experience, and treats successfully such diseases as hemorrhoids, piles, rupture, kidney and bladder trouble, varicocele, diseases of women and diseases of men. Do not fail to give the doctor a call and satisfy yourself what your trouble is, and he will frankly tell you if you are curable or not. It will cost you nothing and it will be worth hundreds of dollars.

KREIGER & CO.

AGENTS FOR THE RAMBLER HIBBARD ADLACE MITCHELL LACLEDE

All standard makes and known to every rider.

Fresh single and double tube tires of all kinds just received. Expert repairing on short notice.

Near St. Paul depot. Tel 29

NEW MEAT MARKET...

The meat market of Stanke & Reiland is now open for business. Shop located across from Johnson & Hill's in Gross's old stand. Mr. Stanke has exceptional ability in selecting choice meats and Mr. Reiland will do the cutting and see that you are treated right.

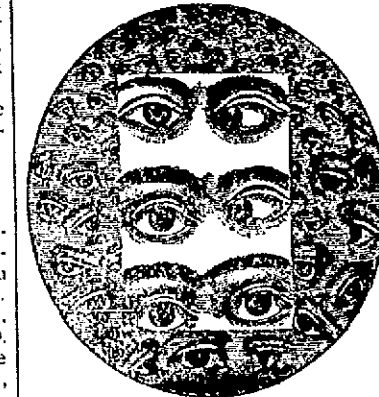
Stanke & Reiland.

Pneumonia is Robbed of its Terrors

by Foley's Honey and Tar. It stops the racking cough and strengthens the lungs. If taken in time will prevent an attack of pneumonia. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOUR EYES LOOK

They can be corrected so that they will do you good service. I make a specialty of fitting glasses and have the proper apparatus for doing it right. Eyes examined Free.



A. P. HIRZY, East Side, near bridge.

T. A. TAYLOR. WM. SCOTT.
TAYLOR & SCOTT
Abstracts, Loans, INSURANCE and Real Estate.
Telephone No. 364.
GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO Department Stores GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

...We'll Have Nice Weather...

One of these days and then you will be sorry you did not invest in one of those nice spring suits like are only found at our store.

TAKE TIME

To step into our store for a few minutes and look over our new styles of Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits. They are acknowledged to be the finest clothes made in this country. It will certainly pay you to see them and get our prices before you decide what to wear this season.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

FOUR-BUTTON SACK SUIT Copyright, 1899 By Hart, Schaffner & Marx

GUARANTEED CLOTHING.

At House Cleaning Time

a woman is apt to be afflicted with a desire for something new in the carpet line. We have the goods you are looking for. Carpets at all prices, from the cheapest hemp to the best that is manufactured. There is no juggling of prices as the price tells the quality.

Baby Carriages. We do not know whether you need a baby carriage or not. If you do not we would not advise you to buy one, but if you do, come in and talk business with us. Going below cost in the drug department.

JOHNSON & HILL CO. DEPARTMENT STORE. WEST SIDE. GRAND RAPIDS.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grove*
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*
Cures Grip in Two Days. on every box. 25c.

WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line, no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

BOARDERS WANTED.—Inquire of Mrs. C. W. Stevens two doors south of Commercial Hotel.

MONEY TO LOAN.—C. E. Bels.

MUSIC LESSONS.—Miss Edith Bruderi will give music lessons on piano or organ, three hours for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WANTED.—100 pairs of shoes to fix during the week. G. Bruderi.

FOR SALE.—One large flat boat with oars one bone grinder, one hand seeder and one heater. Grant Dubock, West Side.

BOARDERS WANTED.—I am able to take gentlemen boarders. On same street and near the Catholic church. Ole Larson.

FRANK A. CADY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in the MacKinnon Block on the West side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daly Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN,
Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and MacKinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY,
Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFE,
Attorney at Law.

Office in MacKinnon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

J. W. COCHRAN,
Attorney at Law.

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

JOHN A. GAYNOR,
Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

WHEELAN & ROURK,
Law, Loans, Real Estate, Abstracts, Etc.

Office on the East Side over Cohen's Store.

DR. O. T. HOUGEN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daly's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

DR. W. D. HARYIE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 246. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 218. Office in rear of City Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS,
Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store telephone 182. West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Office hours 9 to 11:30, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8:30.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,
Dentist.

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. A. TELFER,
Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,
Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,
Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Rehland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

SHORT LOCALS

—Get it at Otto's.

Miss Grace Huntington visited friends in Marshfield last week.

—Nothing but bank notes, gold and laughter. "A Millionaire Tramp."

F. MacKinnon returned on Saturday from a business trip to Milwaukee.

Lee Love left this morning for Merrill, where he has accepted a position.

Register of Deeds Upham was a business visitor in Wausau on Monday.

Arthur Sutor of Greeley, Colorado was the guest of A. B. Sutor on Monday.

Wm. Sprowl of Pittsville was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Daly went to Merrill on Sunday to attend the funeral of a friend.

—It's tiresome to be rich; that is what "A Millionaire Tramp" says.

Henry Vachrean of Babcock was up on Tuesday evening to attend the Elks ball.

Richard Wiperman went to Madison Monday to spend a week among the law makers.

Undersheriff Wm. Shea made a trip to Park Falls the fore part of the week on business.

—Get it at Gito's.

Frank Compton of New York is in the city, the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. T. Jones, and family.

Miss Rueue Havenor was up from Madison to spend Sunday with her friends and relatives here.

Miss Harriet and Harry Whittlesey were up from Cranmoor Tuesday evening to attend the dance.

—If you need pasture for stock in Rudolph, plenty of water to be had, see Hugh Goggins, Grand Rapids.

At the examination for naval cadet held at Rhinelander recently, Arthur Leahy of Marshfield got first place.

—Wall paper, 25 per cent off at Church's.

The law office of Conway & Jeffrey is being greatly improved this week by the use of paper and paint.

Miss Jennie Reilly of Marshfield was in the city over Tuesday, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Muir.

—"A Millionaire Tramp." At the Grand Opera House Thursday evening, April 30th.

Mrs. Adlor Clairmont departed on Monday for an extended visit with her mother and other relatives in Minneapolis.

Attorney D. D. Conway was at Wautoma on Monday to attend the session of the circuit court where he had business.

—Type writer and manifold paper at the Tribune office.

Hixon Meade of Marshfield was down on Tuesday evening to play the clarinet with our local orchestra at the Elks ball.

A. C. Boyles, who is now auditor for a Chicago lumber firm, was in the city last Friday, shaking hands with his numerous friends.

Miss Lydia Lessig has again signed to teach for the coming term in Marshfield, where she is one of the popular instructors.

—Get it at Otto's.

A. W. Rumsey, who has been on the road as advance agent for an Uncle Tom show, spent the past week in this city with his family.

Judge Charles M. Webb and Court Reporter Morse left on Monday morning for Wautoma where the circuit court opened that day.

—Go to Church for wall paper, 25 off.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hucksins of Pittsville were in the city on Saturday the guests of Mrs. Hucksins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bunge.

Mrs. John Brundage and children of Eureka, S. D., arrived in the city on Friday and are the guests of Mrs. J. Balderson and family.

—If you don't believe a rich man can be happy come and see "A Millionaire Tramp."

George W. Paulus went to Chilton on Saturday to spend a few days with his brother-in-law, who is still confined to his bed with sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones of Mazomanie arrived in the city last week and expect to make their home here, having gone to housekeeping on the west side.

Miss Caroline Kuntz, stenographer for Goggins & Brazeau, left on Saturday for Escanaba near which place she expects to spend a week visiting with friends.

—Get wall paper at Church's and save 25 per cent.

Joseph Bogger went to Marshfield on Monday to attend the state convention of the Equitable and Fraternal Union, which was in session there two days.

Assemblyman Cady and Senator Wiperman came up from Madison to spend the Sabbath with their families in this city. They returned to their labors on Monday.

—Choice cigars at Barnes & Voyers.

The Foreign Missionary society of the Congregational church will be entertained by Mrs. F. J. Wood and Mrs. A. L. Fontaine on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. J. Wood.

Abe Kuntz, one of the pioneer settlers of the city of Marshfield and its first supervisor, died Saturday night after a short illness. He leaves a wife and several grown up children.

—Wall paper at 25 cent discount at Sam Church's.

Dr. Telfer has the foundation constructed for his new house which he is erecting on Oak street. He will have a very desirable location when things are fixed up in shipshape style.

200 acres of good farming lands for sale cheap. Inquire of C. F. Kruger at Johnson & Hill Co's. store.

Henry Pagel and August Staefel recently completed a house for William Annas. The building is 22x32 and being covered with iron to imitate brick, presents a very neat appearance.

Barnes & Voyers had the orchestra at their candy kitchen on Sunday afternoon, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity to eat ice cream and listen to good music at the same time.

—1/2 off on 15, 20 and 25 cent wall papers at Daly's Drug store.

Misses Carrie Miller, Alice Nash and Rebekah Shapiro went to Marshfield on Friday afternoon to attend the Elks ball that evening. They report a very pleasant time and say that the dance was a marked success.

Rev. Shaw's subject next Sunday morning at First Congregational church will be "The Religion of Obedience." In the evening he will give the second lecture on "Religion in the Poetry of Robert Browning."

—Wall paper sale at Daly's drug store. 50 per cent discount.

Jeweler W. G. Scott went to Chicago last Wednesday on business, returning home yesterday. While in Chicago Mr. Scott took a day off and went to Elgin where he went thru the watch factory, which has a world wide reputation.

Miss Myra Kruger of Cranmoor and Mrs. Ida Blaisdell of this city were the two lucky ones to draw a black button at the Heinenman Mercantile Co's store during the past week and thereby get back the amount of their purchase.

BOARDERS WANTED.—At Miss M. McGuire's, W. St. side, near Episcopal church.

Sam Church received the sad intelligence on Sunday of the death of his father which had occurred at Iona, Ontario, the previous day. Owing to the fact that he was without an assistant Mr. Church could not attend the funeral.

—If you are looking for work in the line of painting, paperhanging and decorating, you should consult Laramie & Guthrie, two artists in their profession. They recently finished the painting in the Johnson & Hill company's department store.

The ladies of the Episcopal church held a social session this afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. H. Voss as a sort of a farewell to Mrs. E. L. Krouner, Mrs. J. M. Sanderson and Mrs. Harry Sanderson, all of whom are members of the church and guild, and who are soon to leave.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

Guy T. Dutcher, who is traveling for a jewelry company, arrived in the city on Friday and is spending a week with his family in this city. Mr. Dutcher reports his health greatly improved since he got away from the confinement incident to sitting at the bench steadily all day.

—Get it at Otto's.

The Foresters and Catholic Knights have shifted to new quarters. Heretofore they have held their meetings in the hall in the Spafford block, but on the 30th of this month they remove to a hall in the Reiland block. It is probable that the new lodge of Eagles will take the Spafford hall.

—65 bicycles to select from at Daly's

T. J. Cooper has rented the downstairs portion of the building near the bridge used by G. W. Paulus as a real estate office. The location is very convenient to both sides of the river and the situation is most pleasant. The place is heated by steam and will make a very comfortable office.

Private advices received from Andrew Bissig, who has spent the past winter in Switzerland and other countries in Europe state that it was his intention to leave Altdorf on the 23d instant, Havre, France on the 25th, and barring accidents he would arrive in Grand Rapids about the 6th of May.

—An entirely new line of baby buggies and go-carts at Geo. W. Baker & Son's. Prices right.

A team belonging to Gus Witt ran away last Friday but was stopped before any great damage was done. Mr. Witt was coming up from the south side when his team took fright at the cars. The wagon and horses were hurt somewhat, but the damage was only nominal.

Vincent Stocker, one of the solid farmers of Altdorf was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday. Mr. Stocker informed us that Fred Schurer who went to the state of Washington a few months ago had returned and that hereafter Wisconsin would be good enough for him.

—"A Millionaire Tramp's" wealth consists in the sole ownership of the richest vein of pure comedy that any theatrical prospector has struck in many moons.

The rink opera house at Stevens Point burned on Saturday morning, and was almost a total loss, there being only \$500 insurance on the building. The place was built for a roller rink in 1885 and is said to have cost \$10,000, it being one of the largest structures of the kind in this part of the state.

A fine new shoe polishing stand was delivered at "The Hotel Dixon" last week and altho the house is temporarily out of "biz," the polishing stand will be kept in active operation under the skilled manipulation of Andy Waser whose record as an expert cannot be excelled. The public is cordially invited to give the lad a call.

—Expert Bicycle repairing. Geo. F. Krieger & Co, west side.

Clerk of Court C. A. Podawitz went to Marshfield on Monday to participate in the ceremonies, which were indulged in by company A to commemorate the 5th anniversary of the day on which Marshfield's company went to the front to take part in the Spanish-American war. The company extended invitations to the veterans of the late war to assist in the ceremonies to which a number responded.

—For all kinds of carriage work, blacksmithing and repairing and farm wagons, call on J. P. Moore.

Charley Norton, who has been employed in the drug department of the Johnson & Hill company store for some time past left on Monday for Milwaukee where he will attend school and complete his education in the pharmacy line.

Private advices received from the Rev. Leopold Kroll, who is now located at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., state that a brand new baby boy arrived at the home of the family on the 14th instant, and mother and little one are doing nicely. His many friends here will be glad to hear that the reverend gentlemen is doing nicely in his new field of labor.

Sydney Denis, who has been attending the college of pharmacy in Chicago during the past two years, completed his labors last week and arrived in this city on Friday. Syd. has graduated from the institution and is now a full fledged pill mixer, but expects to spend a month here before accepting a position, several of which are open for him.

Fred Beell last week sent a challenge to the Chicago American to Wm. Watson for a wrestling match to take place next month in this city or Marshfield. The match to be, for one hundred dollars a side. Wm. Watson is one of the cleverest men in the business and will be remembered as the backer and trainer of Edward Adamson, one of the very few men who ever bested Beell. Watson defeated Beell about a year ago in a hard fought match at Merrillan. He is a gripman in Chicago and weighs close to 190 lbs.

Photographer Oscar Morternd left on Monday for Milwaukee where he will attend the meeting of Wisconsin photographers which is held in that city on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. At these conventions the picture makers are able to see the work of the best artists in the state and also see the many new things that are brought out each year in the way of mechanical devices and styles, which aids them greatly in their work and enables them to keep up with the times.

A Narrow Escape.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Larson in the town of Lincoln, was totally destroyed by fire early last Friday morning and the aged couple had a narrow escape from being burned to death while they slept. When Mr. Larson awoke about 2:30 o'clock all of the kitchen part was in flames which were communicating so rapidly to the main building that his hair and whiskers were singed in making his way down stairs. He awoke the other members of the household, his wife aged 72 years and granddaughter, aged 19 years.

Mr. Larson kept his savings of years, \$810, in a satchel and this he carried out of the house first and placed on the porch, which he considered a safe place in his excitement, and hurried back into the house for other valuables. After the fire the frame of the satchel was found beneath where the porch had stood and the money, with the exception of \$135 in gold was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Larson settled on their farm opposite the Ebbe school house 32 years ago, coming here direct from Denmark.—Marshfield News.

Makes A Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bunklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by John E. Daly.

Young Actor's Neat Answer.

Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, has rather a pompous manner, which is calculated to ruffle the temper of other people at times. An actor from the provinces called upon him recently, hoping to get an opportunity to show his worth on the metropolitan stage. Oh, I could not possibly give you a part," said the great manager, "but I dare say I could arrange to let you walk on with the crowd in the last act." The young aspirant flushed with indignation, but holding himself well in hand replied pleasantly: "My dear Mr. Tree, I really don't think I have heard anything quite so funny from you since your Hamlet."

\$11.45 To the Dakotas.

May 5th and 12th, 1903, the above rate will apply from Grand Rapids to all points in South Dakota and North Dakota on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. For information, ask nearest agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, or write to F. A. Miller, general passenger agent, Chicago.

North Carolina's New Senator.

Lee S. Overman, the new senator from North Carolina, is 49 years old. He is a lawyer of ability, a native of Salisbury, and in 1874 graduated from Trinity college, North Carolina. He was private secretary to Gov. Vance and has been a member of the state house of representatives five times, having been speaker once. In 1895 he was the Democratic candidate to succeed Senator Vance. In 1900 he was the state Democratic presidential elector. He is of winning personality, of commanding presence and a skilled parliamentarian.

A Chattanooga Druggist's Statment

Robt. J. Miller, proprietor of the Read House Drug Store of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "There is more merit in Foley's Honey and Tar than in any other cough syrup. The calls for it multiply wonderfully and we sell more of it than all other cough cures combined." Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

Building Lots for Sale.

—Forty building lots in first ward from 575 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$8x120. E. I. PHILLIPS.

WATCH!

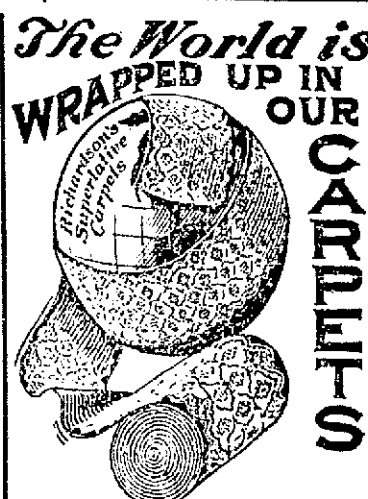


Next week's notice in this paper for the announcement of the

Greatest Bed Spread Sale

ever held in Wood County.

But in the mean time do not forget that this is a good time of the year to buy CARPETS, and at Spafford's is a good place to buy them. We are showing a beautiful assortment at prices to please you. Give us a chance to prove this assertion. It will play you.



Spafford, Cole & Co.

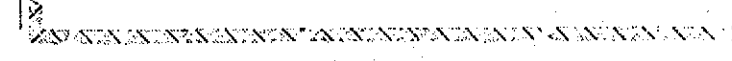
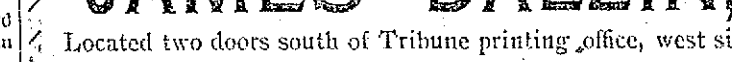
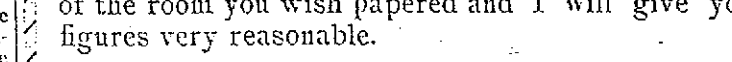
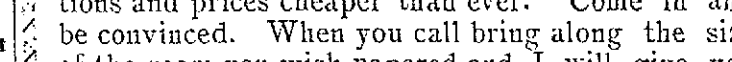
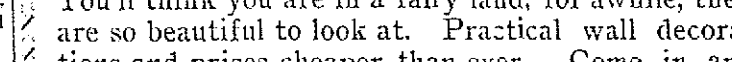
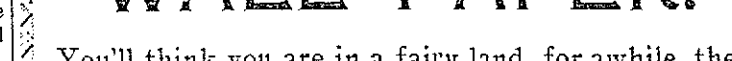
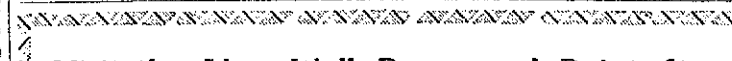
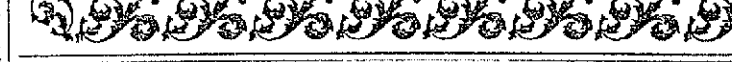
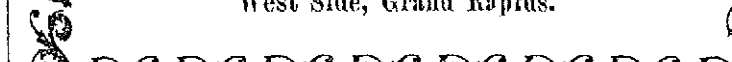
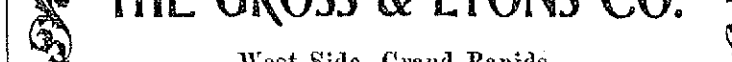
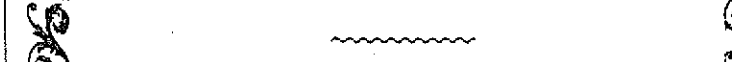
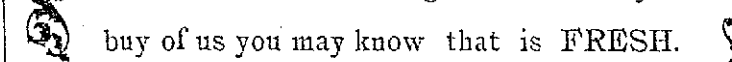
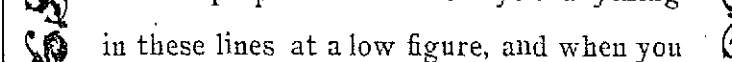
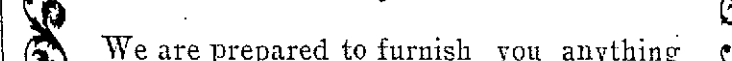
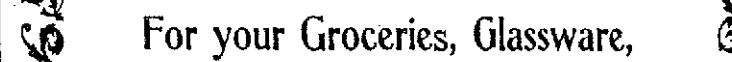
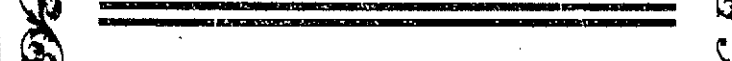
Real Estate and Insurance.

Look up that Insurance policy of yours, it may expire before you know it. Renew it with us.

You are building a new house, let us write the insurance.

If you want a lot, dwelling or acreage, come and see us.

Whittlesey & Gilkey.



THE CAUSE OF THE GREENBAUM ASSIGNMENT

Telling How a Baby Solved a Great Problem By EDMUND RANDOLPH

THERE didn't seem to be anything for respectable, law-abiding citizens to do but stand aside and let 'em shoot it out.

But with Jack Walker and Ben Jones claiming the same ground we had no call to interfere. It would not have been neighborly and maybe not quite safe.

The trouble came about in this way: Their claims joined on the sides. Walker's was located back in the seventies, but he followed the placer boom into Idaho and only did his assessment work until shortly after Ben Jones located the ground to the west, when he came back and went to work in good earnest.

He struck a splendid lead and after doing the necessary development applied for a patent. The official survey showed his claim bore more to the west than anybody supposed and at the south end extended some sixty feet over on the ground Jones was working and took in his shaft.

To understand this trouble you ought to know how mining locations are made. A claim may be 1,500 feet long by 300 on each side of the discovery.

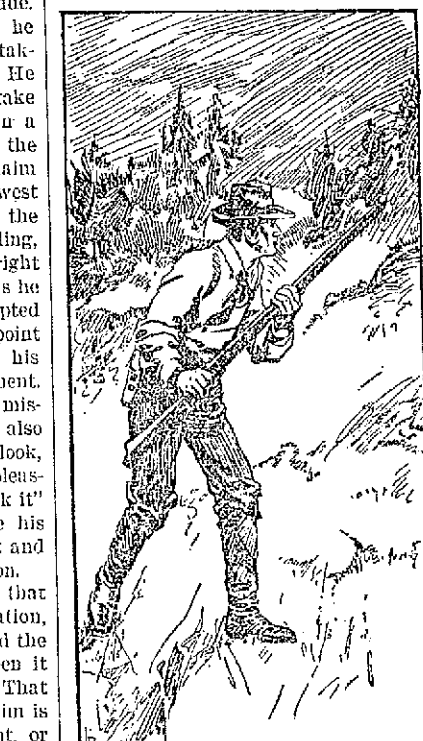
When it is located, stakes or monuments are put up at the point of discovery and at each corner, showing its dimensions and direction, and a description of it, giving date of location and name of locator, is recorded with the district recorder, and it cannot thereafter be changed, and all subsequent locations are made with reference to it.

When you remember that miners are not surveyors, and measurements are made by stepping the ground, and the side of a mountain is not as level as a floor, and that courses are run by looking at the sun or north star, you will conclude that accuracy is next to impossible until an actual survey is made.

Jones searched the records before he located and tied to the older claim, taking Walker's west line for his cast. He found Walker's northwest corner stake all right and stepped 1,500 feet in a southwesterly direction, that being the direction the records showed the claim to run, but failed to find the southwest corner stake.

So he went over to the southeast one, which was still standing, and stepped 300 feet westward at right angles to the other line, as nearly as he could guess it, to where he intercepted the other line. He called that point Walker's southwest corner and his northeast and put up a monument. You see how easy it is to make a mistake of a few feet, and you will also see, if you are as bright as you look, that it wouldn't be difficult some pleasant evening after Jones had "struck it" in his shaft for Walker to move his southeast stake a little to the west and thus beat his claim in that direction.

The whole thing depended on that stake. Walker's was the prior location, and if the stake hadn't been moved the ground was his, and if it had been it was a mighty hard thing to prove. That swinging stakes and locating a claim is killing business if you are caught, or was before courts and lawyers got so thick, but it is sometimes done nevertheless.



With his gun at cock he stepped quietly.

Weeks yet. But the owner of their cottage sold it to some one who wanted to move in at once. Mrs. Walker knew the father would be glad enough to see them at any time, so stored the things not needed at the camp, sent the others out by freight wagons and loaded herself and children into the stage and came on.

through the sagebrush in that vicinity, but saw no sign of the runaway. When she rushed back out of breath and said she could not find him, there was a commotion in that two room cabin. The mother and Edna joined in the search, and the neighbor women helped. They knew he couldn't have gone far, but it was getting late, and Jack wanted to be home and cleaned up when papa got back. After half an hour or so it began to look serious. She was a stranger and didn't want to make trouble, but the child must be found before night. She let a neighbor boy run down to the postoffice and tell the men. Within an hour the camp was a deserted place. Every miner off shift, every gambler, saloon keeper, storekeeper and all the women and children were on the hills looking for the lost boy. The pure thin air of the mountains does not perceptibly improve the morals, but it does seem to expand the heart.

Ben Jones knew what it meant when he declared war. If there had been a drop of coward blood in him, he wouldn't have done it. John Walker was no desperado, but was an old westerner and knew what a gun was for and always backed his opinions. In the two years they had worked adjoining mines Ben had never seen a move that wasn't absolutely square, and everybody said there was not a yellow streak in him, but this was a clear case of steel. He reckoned the temptation was too strong for the old man. He had swung his southwest stake, fixed the surveyor and thought he stood to win in the courts and probably did. To go to court was to play into his hands, but this case wasn't going to court. The ground was his by every rule of right, and he would keep it or be carried off with his boots on, law or no law. So he barricaded the tent, and either he or one of the miners was always on guard with a Winchester across his lap.

He was on watch and half dozing before the fire, which tastes good in this altitude at night, even in summer, when he heard a little noise about an abandoned incline a little way up the hill. With his gun at cock he stepped quietly up there and was horrified to hear a baby voice come up from the hole, "Papa, I've failed; come get Jack, papa," followed by sobs. There was a little child in the incline; that was clear. It was a mystery how it came there and a miracle how it had lodged, but it was there and alive. He called down: "Keep still, my boy. I'll come and take you to papa. Don't move till I come; that's a good boy." And without a moment's hesitation he walked down the shelving, sliding floor and was back on the surface quicker than I am telling it, sitting on a bowlder to get the tremble out of his knees and wiping the cold perspiration from his face, but with his treasure trove safe on his arm.

It wasn't much of a trick, was it? You could have done it and without getting nervous either—that is, if you knew nothing about the incline and had thought, as you naturally would, that the boy was on the bottom. But if you had known what I do and what Ben Jones did and then had done it there isn't a miner in the whole of Floyd district who wouldn't be proud to drink with you. We miners are not very alarmingly good, but we do like nerve. Ben dug the incline and knew that for some eighteen feet it went into the ground at an angle of about thirty degrees and then took a fall of fully sixty degrees to the bottom of the shaft, more than 100 feet away. To take that frightful fall and roll down the jagged wall was to be torn into ten thousand pieces. Jones wouldn't have gone to where the boy lodged without a rope attached to him and two strong men at the other end for all the wealth of Mercur, and yet within thirty seconds of hearing that plaintive call he was there.

He was soon all right and asking the little fellow how he got there. "I des walked, and I falled down hard," was the calm reply. "I've awful hungry. I want somethin'." Jack tired. Jones took him to the tent, struck a light, got some bread and butter and a little milk they had brought up from camp as a surprise for their morning coffee, and the three miners—the men were awakened by the disturbance—proceeded to interview the intruder and learn how he came up there on the mountain at midnight, more than two miles from the camp and at least a mile from any other cabin. He was entirely contented, sitting on Jones' knee munching bread and butter, but could give little information about himself. His name was Jack, and his other name was "Buster" when papa was home. "Papa" was his father and "mamma" was his mother. He lived with "papa, mamma and Katie and Edna." The little fellow was communicative enough and disposed to be good company, but they couldn't even guess to whom he belonged. Soon he looked into the young miner's face and asked: "Who is ou? What ou name?" Jones answered promptly: "I'm Uncle Ben. Call me Uncle Ben, Jack." "All it," with a yawn. "Uncle Ben, Jack seep," and almost as he said it he was sound asleep.

Jones rather liked to hold him and did while he said to the men: "Boys, I haven't the least idea where this monkey came from. I know every kid in the camp, and he doesn't belong there. I don't know anybody in the hills that owns him. I wish he were mine. Isn't he a dandy? But he belongs to somebody, and whoever it is must be about wild by this time. We've got to look them up and let them know he's safe. You go down to Mercur, Bob, and if any new people have come in the last day or two and lost a boy everybody'll know it probably. Jake, you go over Lyon hill way. Go by and wake the Kelly people up. They may know something. He can't have come so very far. His shoes are not quite worn out. It won't do to wait till morning. His mother would go crazy. Cut out now,

fellows. You'll soon get on the track. I'll look after the little chap all right, and if Walker and his gang show up I guess I can stand 'em off till you get back. You'll find some one that knows him."

As they started he called out: "Tell his mother he is safe as a church and sleeping like a kitten."

Jones hardly moved for an hour or more. Then, thinking his charge might suffer from cold, he was taken into the cabin and covered up snug and warm in one of the bunks.

Walker arranged with the Bliss boys to come over early in the morning and got back to Mercur just before dark. He pushed open the cabin door, but hadn't time to be surprised at the improved appearance when his wife threw herself sobbing into his arms and wept:

"Oh, John, our little Jack is lost!" "Lost! What do you mean, Minnie?" "Jack is gone," she answered. "We came down on the stage this afternoon. The girls and I were fixing up the cabin, and Jack was out in front. He wasn't out of our sight five minutes, but when we looked he was gone, and we can't find him anywhere. Oh, our baby's lost! He'll get killed; I know he will." And she commenced sobbing again.

Walker pulled himself together and got the details about when he was last seen and where, and what had been done, and then said: "You lie down, Minnie, and rest. I'll find him. He couldn't go far, such a little chap." She and the women who had brought her in and forced her to take a rest told how the whole camp was out and every foot of ground and every prospect hole for a mile had been examined. Mrs. Walker was sure he had fallen down some shaft and been killed, but her husband shook his head and said it was all nonsense. Jack simply wandered around until he got



"The ground's yours, Ben."

tired and then went to sleep under a sagebrush and had been overlooked. There wasn't the least danger in the world, and his wife was foolish to worry so about it. He knew better, but it wouldn't do any good to tell her the ground was covered with abandoned shafts from ten to 200 feet deep, into which the little feet might stray.

He didn't want any supper and, without seeing the girls, who were still out, took a canteen of water and went to find his boy. From that time till morning the scattered searchers on the hill and the prospector in his cabin heard every three or four minutes the big voice, now near, now far away, now hopeful, now almost a wail, but always loud and clear: "Jack, papa is looking for you." "Jack, answer papa." "Stay where you are." "Jackie, call to papa." Soon everybody caught the idea. Calls were heard all over the hills, but the loudest and most constant, the one that never rested, was the cry: "Papa's looking for his little boy. Call to papa, Jack." After daylight, just as the sun was glistening the snow capped peaks to the west and transforming each rock and sagebrush on the hills into a thing of beauty, while the canyons and the valley to the south were still in shadow, Walker, hatless and bleeding from many a fall, but as tireless as ever, found himself facing a wall that he didn't recognize, but somewhere near his claim, as he reckoned it. He walked toward it, and as he did so Ben Jones stepped from behind, with a cocked rifle at his shoulder, and called out: "Stop there, John Walker! You are trespassing on my ground."

Without slacking, Walker answered: "I don't care whose ground I'm on. I'm looking for my boy. Have you seen a little boy up this way?" Jones lowered his gun. "Is he yours, Walker?"

"Yes; my little three-year-old boy's lost. Have you seen anything of him?" Without a word the young miner took the other by the shoulder and pushed him into the tent. A glance showed the child, still sound asleep, with one chubby hand under the tangled curls. With a cry of "Jack, my little Jack!" the father had his baby in his arms, and there were two big miners crying like women.

Little Jack was as demonstrative as anybody when he got his eyes open and found who had him. When he got control of himself, Walker asked Jones where he found him. As the young man explained the father held his boy closer.

"How did you get him out, Jones?" "Went down and brought him up. He lodged just above the jump off."

"Who helped you, Ben?" "Nobody. I couldn't wait to go and wake up a couple of sleepy heads 200 feet away when he was likely to slide off any second, could I?"

"Did you go down that incline and

bring my boy up without any rope on you, Ben?"

"What could I do?" was the answer. "You know the incline. I could tell he was only a baby, and if he moved he was gone."

"Yes, I know the incline. He was gone if he moved," said Walker, almost under his breath.

"Well," proceeded Jones, "you wouldn't have sat down and waited for a rope, now, would you? It ain't so awful dangerous."

Walker didn't speak or look at Jones, but somehow got hold of his hand and if it hadn't been a big and hard one I am afraid would have crushed it. Jones didn't mind, but said apologetically, "I didn't know he was your kid, Mr. Walker."

"I don't care if you didn't," broke out Walker fiercely. "You knew he was somebody's. You can't lie to me, Ben Jones. You know mighty well how dangerous it was. I tell you, it takes a man to walk into death's door."

He jumped from his seat and with the boy hugged to his breast walked excitedly across the cabin half a dozen times and tried hard to keep from blubbering. As he sat down he said:

"The ground's yours, Ben."

"Right you are," said Jones promptly, glad to get on a subject where he could defend himself, "and you can't give it to me. I'll hold it against you."

"No, you won't, Ben. You don't get any fight out of me. The ground's yours, I tell you."

Little Jack was quiet until his father raised his voice, when he broke in, "What you scold Uncle Ben for, papa?"

"What is that, Jack?" asked his father.

"Him my Uncle Ben, papa. You shan't scold my Uncle Ben." And the little man put his hand protectingly on "Uncle Ben's" big fist.

It was covered instantly, and Jones resumed: "I reckon the courts would give you the ground, Mr. Walker. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let the kid have it. He won't apex me. Will you, Jack?" Jack didn't know much about the apex question, but did know he was Uncle Ben's friend and to show it climbed over into his lap.

"No; Jack won't apex you, and nobody else will. You'll keep the apex, and if the vein turns back under my lines I hope you won't apex me," said the boy's father. "But this won't do. I must let Minnie and the girls know Jack's safe. I'll see you later, my boy."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Walker," interposed Jones. "They know he is all right. I sent Bob down. Let's settle this business. I'm tired standing guard. I'll match you for the ground."

"Good enough, my lad," replied Walker jovially. "Heads you win; tails I lose."

"No, but honest, now," said Jones. "Well, heads I lose; tails you win. That is the only way I'll match."

"Oh, give me a show, now, Mr. Walker."

"Shay," said Walker. "Come with me and see the women folks, and they will give you a whole circus."

"But, seriously, Mr. Walker, let's settle it on some kind of a basis. What do you say to leaving it to some one in the camp?"

"That's fair," was the quick reply. "Leave it to my wife, but she doesn't go with the ground; understand that." Then, noticing Jones' disappointed look, he put his hand on the young miner's shoulder, and the tears stood in his eyes as he said: "Ben, I am trying awfully hard to hold myself together. Now, don't be too hard on me. Don't say any more about that little half acre of dirt; that's a good boy. I couldn't take it from you now, could I?"

"But you don't give me a square deal, Mr. Walker. The ground matter stands just as it did yesterday. My helping out the baby cuts no figure." Then his face lit up with a new idea. "I'll make you one more proposition, and if you don't take that I'll quit you. Let's consolidate."

Walker looked into the frank face of the young miner a moment and saw how earnestly anxious he was about it, and, extending his hand, said: "All right, my boy. Consolidate it is."

That's how the great Minnie Walker mine came into existence and is what caused Abe Greenbaum to make an assignment to his brother-in-law.

The enterprising little furniture dealer had wired to Salt Lake for two splendid, extra size, silver mounted coffins. They arrived all right, but are still in stock.

Warner's Elusive Humor.

Presumably it was because his literary gift had been long taken in the measure of those acquainted with it that the event of its larger public discovery—rather by accident, as it seemed—was little impressed on his friends as marking anything in the nature of a turning point in his career. To them he was nothing new, nothing different from what he had been. The humor which to the world of book readers was now a fresh delicacy was to their taste familiar. Hardly ever had there been an editorial of his and never a letter without some delectable touch or flourish of it. But it was always, from first to last, a more observable feature of his speech than of his writing. No where else did it come so fully out as in his common talk. To such a degree, as there expressed, was its savor contributed by look, air, tone, that not much of an idea of it can be given in words. One can think, but cannot tell, how it sounded. Thus the force and flavor of what I once heard him reply to an outburst against a spool of bad weather—"Respecting weather, I have always noted that there is nothing besides about which so much is said and so little done"—mostly fail to be reproduced in the verbal report of it. And this was true of a thousand pithy, shrewd, happy sayings of Charles Dudley Warner.—Joseph H. Twichell in Century.

A Card. We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent Bottle of Green's Warrented Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded. J. E. DALY. JOHNSON & HILL CO.

CITY MEAT MARKET! Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS. All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail. N. REILAND, TEL. 275. EAST SIDE. GRAND RAPIDS, WIS.

I POST ...AND... DISTRIBUTE BILLS Also handle Milwaukee Sentinel and Journal, Chicago American, Record Herald, Tribune, Chronicle, and Inter Ocean.

East Side Depot Barnes & Voyer, West Side Depot Otto's Pharmacy

HENRY CARLSON.

Have You Property ...For Sale... If you wish to sell any of your property, houses, lots,etc., be sure and....

LIST IT WITH ME

We have many inquiries and will be pleased to shop your property to prospective buyers. Terms reasonable.

G. W. Paulus REAL ESTATE DEALER, Grand Rapids, - Wisconsin.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARKS DESIGNS COPYRIGHTS &c. Munnn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York

WATCH REPAIRING. Take your sick watches and clocks to W. G. Scott and he will make them well. All kinds of repairing and engraving done in a first-class manner. You will also find an elegant stock of jewelry, silverware and cut glass to select from at his place. Prices are right. W.G. SCOTT The West Side Jeweler

Bowser on Dignity

He Is Certain His Is the Variety That Compels Respect

(Copyright, 1932, by C. B. Lewis.)

MR. BOWSER had been reading his evening paper for half an hour when he suddenly looked up with the remark:

"It was all the man's fault. He ought to have had more dignity." "What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"A citizen of Chicago was walking on the street when the boys began snowballing him. He lost his temper, and while trying to overtake one of the boys he fell down and broke his leg." "The boys were very rude. One here on our street hit me with a snowball the other day."

"Then it was your own fault."

"How?"

"If you had maintained a proper dignity, no boy on earth would have dared snowball you. I've been a boy, and I know how it is."

"I didn't suppose dignity had anything to do with it," said Mrs. Bowser after a silence.

"I presume not, but let me tell you it has everything. If that Chicago man had had any dignity about him, not a

Bowser's eyes, and she had to laugh in spite of herself.

"Have I said anything funny?" he sarcastically asked.

"Yes, rather. If you should happen to fall down some time"—

"Or I shall!"

"But if some bad boy shouldn't be awed by your dignity and he should throw a"—

"But he never will. That's you all over. I can never make a statement that you are not ready to dispute. Very well, we'll put this thing to test. I've got to go around to the drugstore. There are a hundred boys on the street, but if a single snowball is thrown at me I'll buy you a dozen bundercakes. If I slip down, I'll make it two dozen."

Five minutes later Mr. Bowser, with his silk hat on and his cane under his arm, was pacing along the street with the air of a Roman senator. He had taken about seven stage strides from the gate when the United States jumped at him, and his heels flew into the air. He wasn't over ten seconds finding the sidewalk with all his body, but the time seemed to him to be an hour and a half. His hat flew one way and his cane the other, and two servant girls who were passing leaned up against the fence and snorted and giggled and said it was better than vaudeville.

Mr. Bowser got up. They generally do. He looked all around. Most men do that. Then he gathered up his cane and hat and told those giggling girls to giggle and be hanged to them and passed on. It took him two minutes to get into his dignified stride again and make up his mind that it was Mrs. Bowser's fault, and he arrived at the drugstore without further adventure. The snow on his back and the dent in his hat gave him away at once, and the druggist laughing observed:

"Hello, Bowser! Been sitting down on the sidewalk to rest?"

"Sir, are you addressing me?" was the stern reply.

"Why, yes, I was speaking to you. And a fall, haven't you?"

"Sir, I never fall. If you are through asking tomfool questions, you can now hand me out a box of chocolates of mine."

The druggist had no more to say, and with his purchase in his overcoat pocket, Mr. Bowser headed for home. The boys had spotted him and been making ready. They had observed that silk hat and cane and Roman stride, but they had not been awed a little bit. They gave him time to get into a gait, and then the signal was given, and a hundred snowballs flew at once. Of the hundred only ninety-eight struck Mr. Bowser, but there were others to follow.

It was such a surprise that he was stunned for a moment. Then, like the Chicago man, he forgot his dignity and rushed about bareheaded with uplifted cane. His downfall came a minute

later. The same old United States, with a part of Canada added this time, jumped in on him again, and the circus performance he went through with was declared to be the best thing ever given in the cause of charity.

As he lay there the snowballs continued to come and the boys to yell, and it was not until a policeman came along that the youths of the country fled away in search of a new victim.

Mrs. Bowser, sitting with her book, heard the front door softly open, and she stepped into the hall to find a human wreck. The wreck glared at her out of two swelling and tearful eyes and then got a move on its legs and began to climb the stairs.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

No reply from the wreck.

"Did the boys snowball you, or did you fall down?"

The wreck halted, straightened up and got its dignity, and, turning to look down on her as a king regards a peasant, it slowly and firmly replied:

"Woman, you go to Texas!"

Mrs. Bowser returned to her book, and the cat gurgled and gasped till tears came to her eyes and she had to stretch out on the rug. M. QUAD.

Whooping the Whoop.

"I'm so sorry they can't go," said the wife of a distinguished actor-manager to a friend who had invited her children to tea, "but they're whooping the whoop."—London Daily News.

But I did not start out to write an

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Administration of the Judicial Function.

Mankind Is Honored by a Just Judge. Wisdom—Statesmen Who by Their Works Have Raised Enduring Monuments to Themselves—Why the Name of Jefferson Should Be Perpetuated—Naming Children For Living Men.

(Copyright, 1932, by Champ Clark.)

A just judge is an honor to the human race. An unjust judge is a scourge to his kind. Of all the Englishmen that ever lived with whose names history concerns herself Jeffereys, the wicked and brutal judge, is the most thoroughly detested.

Justice tempered with mercy is the ideal administration of the judicial function. It appeals to the heart.

Judge Rogers of the United States court for the western district of Arkansas served in congress many years, where he built up a splendid reputation as a statesman, patriot and filibuster. Indeed, he fairly rivaled "Buck" Kilgore of Texas in fertility of resources and in audacity of execution when it came to harassing Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed with filibustering tactics. It is rather a striking coincidence that those two brilliant and dashing parliamentary guerrilla chieftains should graduate out of congress on to the federal bench, but such is the truth of history. His honor Constantine Buckley Kilgore is in his grave. Let us hope that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Judge Rogers has not only had a flourishing city named for him—an everlasting monument—but, in prize ring parlance, he appears to be in "the pink of condition," both mentally and physically.

Humane Act of a Judge.

Not long since while lecturing at the Fort Smith Chautauqua I noticed in a local paper the following anecdote, which deserves the widest circulation:

"Yesterday Judge Rogers added another act to the register of his humanity, and, while such things with him are common, his last concession has excited more than ordinary favorable comment."

"While holding court in Texarkana he sentenced the Williams to the jail here for 90 days and imposed a fine of \$100. Yesterday Colonel Du Val was handed a letter received by Williams from his brother saying that one of the little ones was at the point of death. Colonel Du Val brought the matter to the attention of Judge Rogers, who held a short consultation with District Attorney Barnes, after which Williams was released unconditionally that he might go to the bed of his sick child."

"It was an act of humanity for which Judge Rogers deserves great credit," was the comment of Colonel Du Val as he related the story."

One of the most pleasant recollections of my long career as a prosecuting officer is that while I convicted 70 persons of felonies and nearly a thousand of misdemeanors I let off with a fine or jail sentence 26 young men charged with their first offense whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. Twenty-five of them are useful citizens. The twenty-sixth was incorrigible, and my successor in office sent him to state prison.

Enduring Monuments to Statesmen.

One of the finest and best known poems of Horace begins with the famous line

Exegi monumentum are perennius, which being freely translated means, "I have reared for myself a monument more lasting than brass." His proud boast was true. He rendered his name immortal. Marble and bronze will perish at last. The most enduring monument a man can have in this country perhaps is to have a county or city or town named for him. Men may come and men may go, but these go on forever, as a rule increasing in importance with the lapse of years. We are much given to fixing the names of popular favorites upon counties, towns, townships and schoolhouses. Only one American worthy, Washington, has a state named for him. There was once an ephemeral state of Franklin where Tennessee now is. Unless it is literally true that republics are ungrateful, the state which is to be made one day out of the Indian Territory will be called Jefferson. He certainly deserves such a monument, and this is the last chance to give it to him, as the Indian Territory is the only remnant of the magnificent domain which he added to the Union and which made us a veritable world power. The poet says of Jefferson and the Louisiana territory:

His name is written on the mountain: His memory sparkles o'er the fountain. The nearest ill, the mightiest river, Boils mingling with his fame forever.

That is poetic license. The idea should be realized by naming a great state for him, the only redheaded president we ever had. Old John Adams spoke the simple truth of Jefferson when he said, "He is cunning with his pen." That was, however, only half the truth, for we may truly say of him what Frederick the Great said of his illustrious ancestor, the great elector, "This man did great things." Roscoe Conkling in nominating General Grant at Chicago for a third term voiced the same idea when he said of him, "His fame rests not alone upon things written and upon things spoken, but upon the arduous greatness of things done." That sentence likewise may be applied to Jefferson without exaggeration or bad taste.

But I did not start out to write an

essay on Jefferson and the Louisiana purchase, however entertaining the theme. I am philosophizing about naming places for men.

A Mighty Name to Carry.

Of course our plowmen working a vast advantage in this regard, for the all sufficient reason that the farther we go back toward the beginning of things the more places there were to be named. For this reason as well as for others the names of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson lead all the rest on the map of the United States. It is a curious fact that one may take a map and determine from the names of places and the dates of laying out towns and counties almost the exact period at which any American warrior or statesman was at the flood tide of his popularity. One might ascertain the same fact from the names of men save for the unfortunate fact that men die and usually their names perish with them.

A hero suddenly impinges upon human vision, and an entire generation of helpless male infants are saddled with his name. One of the best friends I ever had was labeled Kosciusko Kosuth Harris, a most appalling case of historic alliteration. The father had to unite Poland and Hungary to accomplish the feat, but he did it. No mortal man could carry such a name through life, so the victim wisely relieved himself of his burden by curtailing that name to plain Kos Harris and as such has had great success at his profession of the law.

A Matter of Pronunciation.

Kling Solomon says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Of course he meant reputation, but his dictum would still be true even if he had meant merely a fitting name. It is a great piece of idocy to name a child for a living man of distinction.

This long string of reflections on names was started in my mind by passing through the beautiful little city of Van Buren, in the county of Crawford, in the state of Arkansas.

In passing it may be stated that for a long time nobody knew the real name of the state. Some pronounced it Arkansas, others Arkansaw. At one time the two United States senators from the state differed as to its pronunciation. The vice president, being a kindly man, of great tact, consulted their tastes by always recognizing one as "the senator from Arkansas" and the other as "the senator from Arkansaw." Finally the legislature took the matter of nomenclature in hand and by solemn statute decreed that the correct name of the state is Arkansaw.

I am not certain but what the Missouri legislature will have to do something of the sort. The dictionaries give it as "Missour-y," but no genuine Missourian ever pronounces it that way. It is always "Miz-uh-vah" or "Miz-uh-ruh." Vox populi vox Dei. The people have as much right to make a dictionary as a government.

Political Revenge.

The city of Van Buren was of course named for Martin. He fared better at the hands of the Arkansians than he did with Missourians. The latter in their love and admiration named two counties for him—one Van Buren, the other Kinderhook—but when he bolted in 1848 and headed a political side show whose effect was to defeat General Cass, the regular Democratic nominee, the ardent affections of the Missouri Democrats for Van turned to bitter loathing, and they wrathfully changed the name of Van Buren county to Cass and that of Kinderhook to Benton. The old proverb says, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." That may or may not be true. At any rate, the scorn of Missouri Democrats is terrific. "Sweet is revenge," declares Byron. He ought to have known. Van Buren revenged himself on Cass, and the Missouri Democrats revenged themselves on Van.

Van Buren's Cruel Mot.

Martin Van Buren is an enigma of American history just as the Duke of Marlborough is an enigma of English history. Some one says of the duke, "He never fought a battle which he did not win, never besieged a city which he did not take, never made a movement which was not successful."

The same may be said of Van Buren in politics until after his election to the presidency. The same fate has come to the great Englishman and the great American in this: Nobody has a kind word for either. Most assuredly they do not need the warning words of the Bible as to the danger of getting into the condition "when all men speak good of them."

Not are the reasons far to seek of the woe of the British soldier, the first captain of his age, and of the American president, the first diplomatist of his age, the well beloved of Andrew Jackson. Avarice, a vice of ignoble souls, a sordidness which has no parallel among men of brains, coupled with an astonishing lack of fidelity to any sovereign or to any cause, are the foul blots on the escutcheon of the hero of Ramellius, Malplaquet, Blenheim and Oudenarde, while Van Buren suffers from the contrast between himself and Jackson, from the ridicule heaped on him by the Whigs in the conkskin, log cabin, hard cider hysteria of 1840, which ended in his defeat, and most of all perhaps from his defection in 1848. By that caper he alienated the affections of the Democrats. Consequently there is no one interested in defending him in the forum of history or at the bar of posterity. He not only gave the coup de grace to his own fame, but he rendered impossible a great career to his son, "Prince John," one of the most brilliant of the children of men. A fine but cruel and unflinching record of John. Once while president his father was chiding him for his wild ways. John retorted, "You think you are a great historic personage, but you will be remembered chiefly because you are the father of John Van Buren."

CHAMP CLARK.

A Swift Repentance

I was cashier of Scott's state bank, and Mr. Scott and the public had every confidence in me. Nevertheless I determined to avail myself of my opportunities to ride the safe and skip out. Between the 4th and 11th of September I arranged the details for my flight and concluded to work them out on the night of the 13th. On that evening at half past 5 the night watchman notified me that his wife had died. I excused him from watching that night.

At 7 o'clock I went to the bank, pulled down the shades, lighted the gas and in the course of twenty minutes had packed every dollar in the vaults into a satchel provided for the purpose. This satchel I placed on a chair outside the railing and had sat down for a smoke when there was a rap at the door. I knew it was one of our force, but hardly expected to see the president himself.

"I expected it was you," he said as he entered; "always the last to go. You are working too hard and must take a rest. At a meeting of the board today it was decided to give you a month's leave and a gift of \$500 cash."

I don't remember what I said in reply, but I do remember that something like horror seized upon me at the idea of my own baseness. Right here within reach of his hand was the money I intended to flee with, and yet he was lavish in his praise of my integrity. He remained only a brief time, and soon after his departure I went outside to walk about and plan a little. I hadn't given up the idea of robbery and flight, but a still, small voice was whispering to me when a hand was laid on my arm, and I turned to confront the leading merchant of the town.

"Look here," he said as we walked along arm in arm. "I've always done business with Glenson because I found everything all right, but I'm going to begin with you tomorrow. Glenson is as good as gold himself, but I don't fancy his new cashier. He's a high roller, I hear, and some day he may turn up missing with all the boodle he can carry. No fear of that in your case?"

And I had \$107,000 all packed up and was only waiting for train time to become a robber.

"Everybody is speaking in your praise," he continued, "and you deserve all that is said. Just keep a level head and you'll find the road to honor and wealth."

When he left me, I had to lean against a dead wall for support. The sound of his footsteps was still in my ears when I suddenly felt that I was saved. There had been a terrible struggle of conscience, but right had triumphed at last. I was pulling myself together to return to the bank when a woman accosted me by name and said:

"How lucky I happened to see you. I was on my way down to Black's to see if he wouldn't take charge of this package (ill tomorrow. It's money I got only two hours ago—\$2,000."

"Come in here, and I'll give you a receipt."

"Never mind that. We all know you and trust you."

Her parting words gave me a shiver. How little they knew me. I had one more trial to undergo. Almost at the door of the bank I met two business men of high standing who were holding an animated conversation.

"Heard the news?" queried one as I came up.

"What is it?"

"You remember the clerk in my brother's office in Philadelphia who shipped out two years ago with \$30,000? Well, he's been overhauled. He went to Peru, no doubt expecting to have grand times. It seems that everybody soon knew he was a thief, and he was an object of contempt. He wandered about, always a marked man, and at last was so overcome with shame and degradation that he asked to be arrested and sent back. He was despised, insulted and plundered, and he did not have one hour's solid comfort out of his funds. He will go to prison for ten or fifteen years, and he might as well die then. Say, isn't it a curious thing that men will so destroy themselves?"

"Take your own case," added the other as he placed a hand on my shoulder. "You are young, but respected, trusted and honored and on the sure road to wealth. You might crib \$100,000 from the bank and get away, but would that compensate you for the sacrifice? No. Even a million wouldn't. I tell you, the man who has got to outlaw himself to enjoy his plunder must see days when he would almost give his life to be set back in the position he once held."

I passed on into the bank and carefully locked the door behind me. My knees were so weak that I had to rest for a good twenty minutes. Even my hair was sopping wet with perspiration.

When I felt strong enough, I carried the satchel to the vault, opened the doors and replaced the money, and it was not until the iron doors were locked again that I felt sure I had won.

There would be no watchman that night. I had planned it so. I took off my coat, kicked off my shoes and made myself comfortable in an armchair. I did not feel sleepy, but when the day porter came at 7 in the morning to relieve the watchman I was sound asleep. It had got to the ears of the officers that I had sacrificed my night because of the death of the watchman's wife, and the president feelingly said:

"Bless the dear boy! He's a man out of a million."

Am I still cashier? Well, never mind about that. I am still regarded as an honest man, and I doubt if you could make any of my business friends believe that I had ever been tempted for an instant.

M. QUAD.

G. W. BAKER,

Funeral Director,
Licensed Embalmer.

All business intrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

Telephone 313.
Center Street, East Side.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

M. STEINBERG,

Dealer in

Second Hand Goods
Furniture and Hardware.

I pay the highest market price
for Old Rubbers, Rags, Copper
and Iron.

WOOD CO. NATIONAL BANK.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$23,000.

F. GARRISON, President.
L. M. ALEXANDER, Vice Pres.
E. J. WOOD, Cashier
COMMENCED BUSINESS
NOVEMBER 1, 1891.

DIRECTORS:

F. GARRISON
L. M. ALEXANDER
THOS. E. NASH
E. ROENIUS
F. J. WOOD

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

All business connected with banking is earnestly solicited, and we promise prompt and careful attention to every detail. Interest paid on time deposits.

"A Friend to Those Who Cannot Talk."

Dr. V. P. NORTON,

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

Tel. 161. Grand Rapids, Wis.

ARE YOU GOING ABROAD?

Or are you going to buy any tickets from Europe? If so, remember that I represent all the leading steamship lines sailing between this country and Europe and am in a position to furnish promptly the very best accommodations at the lowest rates. I represent: The Hamburg American; The Cunard; The White Star; The American; The Red Star; The Holland American; The Allan; The Allan State; The Beaver; The Dominion; and The Scandinavian Lines and shall be pleased to furnish on application rates, sailing and all information desired concerning any of these lines.

JOHN CASBERG,
CENTRALIA, WIS.

The "HUB" SAMPL ROOM.

G. W. MASON, Prop.

Dealer in Fine Wine, Liquors
and Cigars.

West side, Grand Rapids.

SAVE MONEY

Buy your hardware at wholesale and save the retailer's profit. Send for a fully illustrated and priced catalogue on anything you want in Builders' Hardware, Blacksmith Hardware, Sash and Doors, Paints and Oils, Glass, Crockery, Nails and Barb Wire. Catalogue free.

Kliner, Lang & Scharmann Co.
MARSHFIELD, WIS.

ALL KINDS OF COAL

PRICES RIGHT.

E. C. KETCHUM.

TELEPHONE:

Office, 164. Residence, 351.



HE GOT DOWN ON HANDS AND KNEES TO SMOO THE OFF.

boy would have dared to more than look at him. Have I ever been brought home with a broken leg?"

"But you've been snowballed."

"Never—that is, not since I had any dignity. It's all in the way a man bears himself. Two years ago, when there was a street car strike, didn't I get a mob without a single brickbat being thrown at me? How did I do it? I was calm. I was unperturbed. I was dignified. I was master of the situation."

"But you came home without a hat and with your clothes all covered with mud."

"But why? It was because the drunken driver of an infernal ash cart



HIS DOWNFALL CAME A MINUTE LATER.

knocked me down, not knowing whether I was a biting post or a man. I'll bet dollars to cents I can pass a thousand boys and not one of them will dare take liberties with me. What in blazes is that old cat choking on now? Have you been feeding her fishbones again?"

The cat was sitting up in the chimney corner and wheezing and gurgling. Mrs. Bowser knew that she was having a cat laugh all by herself and probably at Mr. Bowser's remarks, but it wasn't good policy to say so. He picked up the paper and read for another ten minutes, but his mind was on that Chicago man, and he barked back by saying:

"Yes, it served him just right, and I don't blame the boys a bit. By George, but—"

It was the cat again, and, seeing Mr. Bowser glaring at her, she fled under the lounge. He got down on hands and knees to smoo her out, but suddenly remembered his dignity and got up again to say:

"One often sees a man fall down on an icy spot, but one never laughs if the victim has his dignity about him."

"Haven't you ever been laughed at?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"I have never fallen, but if I had there would have been no merriment at my expense."

A picture of Mr. Bowser slipping and sliding and clawing the air and coming down with a bump rose up before Mrs.

NEKOOSA.

A farmer by the name of A. B. Chase from the town of New Rome became wildly on the streets here last Saturday. The authorities advised him to be quiet and tried to start him home. He would have his own way, whereupon he was taken in charge and spent the Sabbath in the hotel "de callaboose." Mr. Chase had calmed down by Monday morning and was taken before Justice Morgan. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$2 which added to the costs amounted to \$7. He had only five copper cents in his possession and for some time it looked as if he would be obliged to take a sentence. "A friend in need" happened in and let Mr. Chase have \$2 in cash. Upon paying this and giving promise that he would make up the rest in cord wood he was released. Mr. "A. B." is now a much wiser man and is convinced that being drunk and disorderly is "not what it seems to be."

At a recent meeting of the village board of trustees an ordinance relating to base ball was drafted and passed. Any person found guilty of playing base ball on any of the streets of Nekoosa shall be liable to a fine ranging from \$1 to \$10. Upon failure to pay such fine the guilty one shall be committed to the county jail for a period of not less than one day nor more than ten days, youngsters beware! "Better play in your own back yard."

Albert Wiedewald, the popular tailor made a trip to Mauston during the forepart of this week. He delivered several suits of clothing which gave perfect satisfaction. He also had some dental work done. Reports are that his former friends were glad to see him and he seems to exhibit evidence that he had a pleasant time.

Eli Taylor is remodeling and painting the Brooks' building which was formerly occupied as a restaurant. The place is being fitted up for a news and periodical stand and is conducted by John Eawein. This undertaking is one in the right direction and may be a means of making Nekoosa a reading population.

Earl Benjamin, infant son of August Pohrman died last Friday. The funeral took place at the home of Mr. Pohrman on Wood's farm, Rev. Selle officiating. The remains were interred in the Nekoosa cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Pohrman have the sympathy of the village in their bereavement.

F. L. Stratton of New York City is here in the interests of the Westinghouse company. He is superintending the operating of the new system of stokers at the mill and will remain until the local men can conduct the work independently and satisfactorily.

The following young people attended the Elk's dancing party at Grand Rapids: Messrs. Henry E. Fitch, William Nash, Peter Heyman, Bert Dannenfelser and the Misses Nellie Young, Katharine Trent and Katharine Galligan.

Rev. C. W. Pinkey of Chicago filled the pulpit at the Congregational church during both the morning and evening services. Both congregations were favorably impressed by his preaching.

Misses Susan Beeston and Mae Jefferson enjoyed a drive to Spring Creek last Saturday. They visited with relatives on the Sabbath and returned to Nekoosa in the evening.

Julius Nelson has resigned his position as millwright with the Nekoosa Paper company. He left for Brokaw Monday morning, where he has accepted a similar position.

The friends of Miss Agnes Waters are sending her their congratulations. Miss Waters was married to Dr. Keithley on Wednesday, April 29th, at Orfordville, Wisconsin.

The contract for the completion of laying cement tiling walks and crossings on the Main street of Nekoosa has been let to Rassmenson and Peterson of Grand Rapids.

Thomas Louis of the town of Armenia, sold his farm last week to outside parties. The price was \$3,000 and the tract conveyed contained about 150 acres.

Asher J. Boyles, traveling auditor for the Alexander Lumber company of Chicago, was in the village last week shaking hands with old friends.

Master Walter Emigh is troubled with tonsillitis and has not been able to attend school for several days.

Mrs. Brietschneider, who has been visiting at Nekoosa has returned to her home at Necedah.

Miss Heiser returned to Nekoosa on Saturday and resumed her duties as teacher of Monday last.

Mrs. F. X. Grode and family left for Menasha where they will visit relatives.

Supt. Robert Morris stopped at Nekoosa last Monday on his way to visiting schools in the surrounding vicinity.

Mrs. W. F. Early of Port Edwards was seen in the village last Saturday.

Nekoosa's engaged couple took a long drive down river last Sunday.

D. J. Woodard was registered at the Herrick House last Friday.

Peter Heyman of Depere is the guest of Nekoosa friends.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo Ohio. Sold by druggists. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Now's the time to take Rocky Mountain Tea; it drives out all the microbes of winter; it builds up the stomach, kidneys and liver. A wonderful spring tonic that makes sick people well. For Sale by Johnson Hill & Co.

—Get it at Otto's.

CRANMOOR.

The family and friends of Ralph Smith have been quite anxious about him since last Friday. Mr. Smith took cold the Sunday evening previous and going out too soon, pneumonia developed. Dr. Hougou visited him Saturday and Monday and at this writing (Tuesday) conditions are very favorable for recovery.

D. R. Burr is again in this part of the world looking after his marsh interests. His son-in-law, Howard Howe of Minneapolis, visited him here and we learn was quite favorably impressed with the marsh country.

Miss Harriet Whittlesey attended the party given by the B. P. O. E. Tuesday evening and was the guest of Miss Carrie Miller.

Mrs. Cohn and Mr. Bick were arrivals from Wausau yesterday, coming down somewhat earlier in the season than usual.

Secretary W. H. Fitch returned from Madison Thursday, where he had been in the interests of the appropriation bill.

Mrs. Whittlesey and daughter Harriet were guests at the Garrison home Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Miss Myra Kruger was an uptown passenger on the Wednesday morning train for a few days' stay.

Miss Caroline Fitch is still confined to her room but in a fair way for restoration to health.

J. B. Arpin was a down passenger on the Saturday noon train, returning by the 5 p. m.

Miss Lillie Warner reached home Thursday, after spending the winter at Merrillan.

James Gaynor and Miss Bertha Demsky were town shoppers Thursday.

This paper might be filled with items like the following, and every one be the absolute truth. I had rheumatism for years and tried almost everything, but got no permanent relief until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, three bottles of which have cured me. It is the best medicine I ever used.—PHILIP E. RHOADS, Pennville, Mo. Pain Balm is for sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

To Rid Ships of Rats.

Prof. Koch has discovered a successful method for the destruction of rats which frequent the holds of ships. An experiment has been conducted on board the Bulgaria at Hamburg. The rats were placed in cages in the hold. An apparatus was then used to fill the hold of the ship with a gaseous substance. When this was concluded the cages were brought on deck and all rats were found to be dead. A new system will in future be used in the German navy and also in the big German steamship lines.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind. knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c, at John E. Daly's drug store.

Paid Bridesmaids.

At a recent wedding held in New York there were no fewer than fifteen bridesmaids, who were all punctually paid. Besides the beautiful toilettes, given by the bride's father, they each received \$25 for appearing in the wedding train. Some of the young ladies receive as much as \$100 for the "office of honor," while one woman, who is much sought after for her beauty, has appeared as bridesmaid at more than 200 weddings, and has in a short time amassed quite a little fortune, besides receiving many costly presents.

The Problem of a Tired Mother

One of the marvels of our time is the way in which the average mother carries all the burdens of social, benevolent, church and family life.

It's no wonder that nerve troubles attack the mother—how can she help being nervous, especially while the little ones are so troublesome?

No woman can endure the strain of her housework and two or three little ones unless her digestive powers are unusually good. She can't manufacture force enough to stand the strain.

We can suggest one thing that will surely help her, and it isn't a drug poison either. It is Vinol, made by a new process from that wonderful remedy, cod liver oil; it's a true tonic.

Vinol is pleasant to taste, "goes right to the spot," nourishes and helps the food to nourish, is splendid for nursing mothers and all tired out home helpers. I have found it safe and good for ailing children. With Vinol to correct the constipation, it has put whole families in this place on the road to health. Used in time, it saves nervous break-down. Your money back if you don't find this true.

JOHN DALY.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.

One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1878. At that time both the Hiale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth, a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 128 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood red fish were taken out. In appearance they somewhat resembled the goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or a bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled.

Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.

Passing a Plate in a Church.

There was a very large congregation, and the rector seeing that there was only one alms dish made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass door into the dining room, where there had been a slight reception before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then approaching the rector whispered in his ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down you side of the aisle and up t'other—they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!—Dean Hole's "Memories."

Shellac in Chinese Works of Art.

By softening shellac with heat it may be drawn out and twisted into almost white sticks and of a fine silky luster. Extreme beauty is given to Chinese works of art by the use of shellac. Some of them are very ancient and of great value. They are chiefly chowchow boxes, tea basins or other small objects made of wood or metal. They are covered with a coat of shellac, colored with vermilion, and while the layer of shellac is soft and pliable it is molded and shaped into beautiful patterns. Some of these works thus ornamented are so rare and beautiful that even in China they cost fabulous sums.

He Forgave the Bishop.

A certain bishop, an ardent advocate of teetotalism, found one of his flock, to whom he had preached for years, leaning in helpless drunkenness against a wall.

"Wilkins!" cried the bishop, inexpressibly shocked. "Oh, Wilkins! You in this state! I am sorry; I am sorry; I am sorry!"

As the bishop was passing by on the other side Wilkins pulled himself together and biccoughed after him:

"Bishop, bishop!"

The bishop hastened back in the hope of hearing a resolution of repentance.

"Bishop, if you are really sorry I forgive you!"

A Bird Much Like a Fish.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under, water, never keeping more than its head out and when fishing coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Discouraging.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat we are enclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Post.

Goldfish.

There are some goldfish in Washington which belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal aquarium in St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old.

Depressing.

"Were there laughter and cheers during your speech?"

"Well," answered the youthful statesman, "there weren't many cheers, but now and then people in the audience looked at one another and laughed."—Washington Star.

A Case of Necessity.

Mrs. Smith—We missed you so much at our party!

Mrs. Jones—And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables.—Detroit Journal.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.

BUTTON, BUTTON,

Who's Got the Button?

Yo will want to get it when you understand that if you draw the

BLACK BUTTON

you get the price of your purchase of Dry Goods or Shoes refunded up to \$2.50. Everybody is eligible to draw from the button bag who purchases 5 cents or more in our dry goods or shoe departments. We have arranged a coin sack with an opening at the mouth just large enough to insert ones hand. In this sack are 100 buttons all of the same size, 99 of them are white and one is black. After you have made your purchase you are entitled to a draw from the button bag and if you are lucky enough to draw the black button, your purchase costs you nothing unless it amounts to more than \$2.50. This amount is taken from the amount of your purchase.

WE HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF

DRY GOODS & SHOES

in the city and meet all legitimate competition in prices.

Give us a trial order and try your luck at our "Lucky Button Bag"

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT

is complete. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

HEINEMAN MERC. CO.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

STOP PAYING RENT!

We will tell you how to do it. Buy a lot of us in

Daly's Addition

To the east side.

PAY \$10.00 DOWN

and a few dollars per month until your lot is paid for, and build a little home of your own. You can do it out of your wages.

This addition is just four blocks south of the new high school building, on the best land for residence property in the city of Grand Rapids. These lots are large residence lots. See us for particulars.

RING & DALY'S ADDITION WEST SIDE.

You can get cheaper lots and just as good terms in our West Side Addition to the city, which is near to all the big mills and factories on the west side. Both additions are sure to become populous and valuable resident districts, and there is a fine speculation in these lots for the prices we are now asking for them. They will be worth double the money in a year from now.

Don't lose sight of the fact that I am selling the best piano on earth. Come and see me and talk business; I always meet you half way.

FRANK P. DALY.

Office over First National bank with Conway & Jeffrey.

Residence phone 198.



POINTS WORTH OBSERVING.

"All coons look alike to me," runs the song and all lumber looks alike, runs the thoughts of most people. But, there is a difference—a big one too, between some lumber stocks. While some are sound, bright and dry, others are warped, cracked and sappy.

If you want the good kind—the kind that will give satisfaction, come to

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT
GRAND RAPIDS, NEKOOSA, W. GRAND RAPIDS.

SITE OF DAM LOCATED

The Consolidated Company will Put Dam Below Bridge.

The members of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper company have decided to put in their big dam below the Green Bay and Western bridge. This determination coincides with the wishes of the people of the city and means that the beauty of the rapids at this point will not be entirely spoiled, as must have been the case had the dam been constructed above the bridge as was at first intended.

The dam will run from the head of the Garrison island across to Foundry island and following the trend of the land at this point for a distance, across to the shore. The height of the dam will be about twenty feet, on an average, from the river bed.

Large sluiceways will be put into the dam so that in case of high water these sluices can be opened if necessary and thus relieve the pressure and height of water should there be any danger of damage to surrounding property. The members of the company also figure that they will gain somewhat in the amount of power they will receive and will avoid all of the trouble that might arise from carrying the water thru a long sluiceway as would be the case were the dam placed above the bridge as first intended.

The placing of the dam below the bridge will also bring contiguous to the city a fine body of water, almost a lake, which will be in the neighborhood of 1,000 feet wide at the south end and extend up river in varying width for a distance of two or three miles. This will be an ideal spot for sailing or the running of small steam or gasoline launches.

The work on the dam has been commenced and will be carried forward as rapidly as possible. Where the dam crosses there is very swift water in places and as a consequence the construction work will be more difficult than it would be otherwise.

There is no question but what the majority of the people of this city will be glad to hear that the change has been definitely decided upon. The company has been in favor of the change for some time, but the plans as originally drawn had the dam above the bridge and the matter had to be considered from all points of view before the change was made.

Assessors in Session.

Pursuant to the call issued by Supervisor of Assessment J. W. Cochran the various assessors of the county met at the court house on Tuesday afternoon to listen to some good advice concerning their work for the coming year. Every assessor in the county was present and they were addressed by the supervisor of assessments and also by Judge Gaynor, whose notions of taxation and assessment are not only clear, but he also has the faculty of expressing his views to others.

The assessors who were in last year understood the situation pretty clearly before attending the meeting, and it was only the newly elected ones from whom any trouble was expected, and it is probable that these are now fairly well posted on the subject.

The efforts of the supervisor of assessments is directed toward having all property assessed as nearly at its real value as possible and also to have all property assessed whenever possible to do so. If this method is carried out no injustice will be done to anyone and every person will be paying his just share of the tax. The meeting adjourned at four o'clock so as to allow all the assessors who had come by train to get home the same day.

Were Good Keepers.

A meeting of the executive committee of the Wisconsin State Cranberry Growers association was held on Sunday at the office of Judge John A. Gaynor. The meeting was held for the purpose of transacting some business relative to the association, but among the matters that came up incidentally was the examination of a number of specimens of berries that were grown last year and had been preserved to test their keeping qualities.

These berries were the same ones that were on exhibition at the January meeting of the association, mention of which was made in the Tribune. In the interval they had been shipped to Madison where they had been exhibited, and back here, and the condition they were in was even a surprise to the growers themselves. The bulk of them were as crisp and plump as freshly picked fruit and showed little or no deterioration.

The varieties are those that have been propagated at the experimental station and demonstrated that if the proper varieties are selected that the cranberry can be kept as easily as the apple, and the knowledge may in time result in great profit to cranberry growers.

For Cemetery Improvement.

A meeting for the purpose of electing officers and perfecting plans for the improvement of Forest-Hill cemetery, will be held at the Wood Co. National Bank on Saturday evening May 2nd at 7:30 o'clock. A large attendance is desired.

The responses to the request made in the last issue of the Tribune have been quite encouraging, but as it is already time to commence work, it is desirable that all interested should report before or at the meeting so that the money may be in the hands of the treasurer as soon as May 5th.

Try Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, the best physic. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Observe Anniversary.

The Odd Fellows of this city observed the anniversary of the founding of the order on Sunday, April 26. The members of the Odd Fellows, Encampment and Daughters of Rebekah met at their hall on Sunday morning and marched in a body to the Congregational church, where the Rev. Mr. Clark of Stevens Point preached a sermon appropriate to the occasion. Sunday was the 84th anniversary and during these years the order has seen many a similar organization spring into existence, live a short time and then die a natural death.

The order has always been rather a conservative one and is recognized as one of the two great secret organizations of the world.

The Grand Rapids lodge dates its existence back about thirty years, during which time it has passed thru the vicissitudes incident to an organization of this kind. In the Encampment and subordinate lodge here there are about seventy members and the Daughters of Rebekah numbers about the same, making in all a very healthy organization.

Race Track News.

The promoters of the track scheme expect to hold a meeting in this city in the near future for the purpose of seeing what can be done toward organizing a society for the purpose of holding agricultural exhibitions and races here each year.

One of the places that have been looked over with a view to buying for the purpose in question is the Robinson farm west of the city. This contains 337 acres, and while this much land will not be necessary for the purpose in view, it will have to be all purchased, after which that part that is not needed can be disposed of for agricultural purposes.

Parties who have looked over the ground say that the situation is an ideal one for the purpose, and although nothing definite has been done in the matter, it is probable that this tract of land will be given the preference.

Good grounds properly fenced could be turned to a good many uses besides the holding of agricultural fairs and would undoubtedly be used considerably during the year.

In Justice Court.

The court of Burton L. Brown was kept pretty busy during the past week attending to the gleanings from the Bowery, where there had been an unusual number of wayward ones who had neglected to stop before they had got a full load and as a consequence had been gathered in by the police. They all acknowledged the corn brought before the justice and pleading guilty paid their fines and costs and departed in a state of beastly sobriety.

Lloyd Moore and George Charbinow held a horse race on Erich street on Sunday, and they were gathered in by the police and subsequently paid \$5.20 each for their amusement. The judge neglected to learn which of the young men won the race, so it is impossible to give the result. It is probable that they will hold their horse races in a more secluded spot hereafter.

A Great Comedy Production.

Elmer Walters' latest sensation, "A Millionaire Tramp," contains seven of the strongest comedy characters that have ever been collected in one play. Each one differs vastly from the other, and lends opportunity for variety and action. The ghost scene in the first and the darky porter's scene in the third act are two of the funniest imaginable. The dramatic scenes are fully abreast of the comedy, and the scenic mounting superb. The church of the holy cross in the second act is one of the handsomest settings of this kind that has ever been attempted. The opera house in the third act is a decided novelty, something very new and out of the ordinary. While the old hotel in the last act is the very embodiment of quaintness and originality. At the Grand Opera House Thursday evening, April 30.

To Effect a Settlement.

E. R. Mulien, who represents the foundry company that furnished the pipe for the water works system and W. G. VanDyke, who represents the Fidelity and Casualty company that signed the bond for A. N. Pope, who started to put in the waterworks system, are in the city today for the purpose of effecting a settlement with the city. A meeting was held this morning between the board of public works and the gentlemen named, and owing to the fact that some of those that were supposed to be present were not there, the meeting was postponed until 2 o'clock this afternoon.

There was a little difference in opinion between the city fathers and these companies with which they had to deal, hence the trip here by these gentlemen to settle the matter.

W. C. T. U. Convention.

The W. C. T. U. will hold their annual inter-county convention, Marathon and Wood, in Grand Rapids on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 12th and 13th, at the M. E. church, east side, at which the state president of the W. C. T. U., Mrs. Mary Upham of Marshfield, will be present; also Mrs. Pellette, president of the inter-county union; Mrs. Nellie G. Burger, national lecturer and organizer, and Miss Lois Russell, state lecturer and organizer. There will also be papers from different unions and music.

—Plain and brick ice cream to order at Barnes & Voyer, the candy kitchen.

BRIEF CITY ITEMS

An X-Ray Machine.—Among the new paraphernalia that Dr. Rockwell has recently installed in his office in the Pomerville block is an X-ray machine which will be used by him for the different purposes to which one of these machines can be put. The X-ray is not a new thing, nor is this the first one of the kind that has been in the city, but still there are a great many people who never saw one and the experiments that are possible with one of the machines are always of interest to the layman. With the aid of the fluoroscope one can view the bones of his hand or other parts of the body with the greatest clearness and the motion of the bones in working the hand can be seen so plainly that it is hard to believe that they are surrounded by any flesh at all. Other experiments equally interesting and marvelous are performed. While the rays are not only very useful in locating any foreign substance in the flesh and seeing the condition of a broken bone, are also said to be efficacious in the treatment of cancer. Experiments along this line have been in progress during the past two years, and while some have been benefitted by the treatment, others have apparently been permanently cured. In many of these cases enough time has not elapsed to say that the cure has been permanent, as this can only be determined later, but the benefit has been very marked in many cases. The doctor has engaged the entire upstairs of the block where he is located and has fitted up a part of it to be used as a sort of hospital, so that patients who are brought to him may remain and receive treatment right there if they desire.

Two Nice Concerts.—The band got out on Thursday and Saturday nights and rendered two fine concerts for the edification of the public. The west side concert was played from the balcony on the side of the Central Hardware company's store and on the east side they played from the balcony of the opera house. It is really a surprise to the people at large to hear how much the band has improved during the past winter and they now seem to have started on the road that leads to near perfection as the average amateur band generally reaches. They have done a lot of practicing during the past winter, and as all of the members have stuck together pretty well and attended practice regularly they have benefitted greatly by their winter rehearsals. There is no question that the people appreciate the concert as while they are in progress the air is hardly room on the street for spectators to squeeze thru.

Preparing For a Time.—The local lodge of Eagles will be organized in this city tomorrow. The boys are preparing for a time, the like of which has not been seen in this city for some days. A special car will be brought down from Wausau with a large delegation from that city who will assist in the initiatory ceremonies. The boys here have engaged the band to meet the visiting members, and a parade will be formed at the depot and march to the Forester hall, where the work will be done. The initiation will occur during the afternoon and evening and after this is over the new members and their guests will partake of a banquet which will be served by the members of the Womans Relief corps and which will be spread in the G. A. R. hall. About eighty have signified their intention of going into the order. Al Abrahams, state grand president, of Superior, will be here to have charge of the initiation.

Hotel Loss Adjusted.—The adjusters for the companies that held the risks on the Dixon House arrived in the city last Friday and began their work at once. The loss on the furniture of the house was adjusted at \$932.93 without any differences. But on the building an agreement between Mr. Dixon and the adjusters could not be arrived at. In order to settle the matter to the satisfaction of all two appraisers were chosen, they being Contractor Anton Billmyre of this city and contractor Frege of Milwaukee. These two gentlemen got together and after looking the matter over decided that \$4,952 would cover the damage to the building, which figure was accepted by Mr. Dixon. Mr. Dixon states that when the house is rebuilt it will be better than ever before, as it is his intention to make as many improvements as possible and have the furnishings first class thruout.

Work on Bridge.—Contractor Bricks, who has been in town for some time past and who will have charge of the work of reconstructing the bridge has had a small gang of men at work for some time past preparing for the work. A load of plank and heavy timbers have been unloaded and floated across to the island where some of the framing for the false work has been in progress. Several cars of timber and plank have arrived in the city. This will all be used for false work, with the exception of the planks, as the bridge when finished will all be of steel.

The Elks Ball.—One of the most pleasant parties that has been held in this city for some time was the dance given on Tuesday evening by the local lodge of Elks. The rain that fell in liberal quantities about 9 o'clock probably kept some from participating that had been figuring on going, but there were about sixty couples in attendance, enough to fill the hall in good shape. The music furnished by the Monarch orchestra was fully up to its old standard and everybody seemed to enjoy themselves to the utmost.

A friend of the Home—A foe of the Trust

Calumet Baking Powder

Moderate in price—Makes purest food.

A Wedding Anniversary.—A number of the friends of Mr. and Mrs. J. Slattery assembled at their home on Monday evening and treated that worthy couple to a surprise, the occasion being the sixteenth anniversary of their wedding. A very enjoyable evening was spent, refreshments being served and games and other amusements being indulged in by those present. The guests departed for home wishing Mr. and Mrs. Slattery many happy returns.

Elks Elect Officers.—At the last meeting of the Elks the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Exalted ruler, W. A. Drumb; esteemed leading knight, W. G. Scott; esteemed loyal knight, O. R. Roenius; esteemed leading knight, C. S. Whittlesey; secretary, Sam Church; treasurer, J. P. Witter. The appointive officers are M. J. Slattery, tiler; A. B. Sutor, inner guard; L. M. Slattery, chaplain; J. C. Willard, Esquire.

Nearing Completion.—Work on the new high school building has been progressing at a satisfactory rate for some weeks past and there is hope now that the building will be completed in time for the graduating exercises which occur the latter part of May. The carpenters started this week to put down the flooring in the different rooms, after which the painters will do their work and the building can be occupied.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses have been granted by the county clerk during the past week: August Treiwiler and Anna Mercea, both of Marshfield. Frank Ashbeck and Katy Altman, both of Milladore. Emil Price of Marshfield and Gertrude Seidler of the town of Lincoln.

Played at Stevens Point.—The high school team played the team at Stevens Point last Saturday and skinned their opponents by a score of 8 to 5. The high school track team expects to go to Wausau in the near future to try conclusions with our neighbors in that line.

Injured in a Runaway.

W. B. Naylor, Sr., was quite seriously injured last Sunday afternoon by being thrown from his buggy, while he and his son, W. B. Naylor Jr., were driving near the new high school. The ponies they were driving were acting a little gay, as a result of which the pole was broken and they then became unmanageable. The buggy was overturned and Mr. Naylor Sr., sustained a very hard fall. No bones were broken but he was injured internally from which hemorrhage afterward set in.

For a couple of days his condition was somewhat alarming, but he has since been steadily improving and his recovery seems to be assured. Mr. Naylor, Jr., was also thrown from the buggy but was uninjured.—Tomah Journal.

Mr. Naylor is well known to many of our older settlers, having lived here at one time. He being an invalid and well along in years he may be considered lucky to have escaped with his life.

Chapel Car.

The Chapel Car, Glad Tidings, will arrive at Wisconsin Central depot Saturday morning May 2nd, for special evangelistic services; meetings will be held daily beginning Saturday evening at 7:30. Sunday services as follows: Preaching at 11 a. m., chalk talk to young people at three o'clock, preaching in the evening at 7:30. Mrs. C. H. Rust, who is an accomplished soloist will assist in the services.

Last week's announcement of the Chapel Car was hailed with delight by those who have had the privilege of attending these meetings in other places, and every one should avail himself of this rare opportunity of hearing the Gospel on wheels.

Letter List.


East Side: W. Brobrowski, S. N. Baum, D. W. Brown, Allen Camp, bell, Harry Goddard, Corroll Gray (2), Dan Jankoske (2), Chas. A. Jones, A. Jacobs, John Knuth, H. Meyer, Anton Mukatok, A. Muller, J. O. Nelson, W. R. Thompson, Mrs. Anna Iverson, Miss Amelia Iverson, Alice Lundy (2), Mrs. Florence Price, Minnie Reheman, Anna Fully.

West Side: Miss Jennie Lundberg, Miss Alvina Newman, Frank Michalak, Osborn Goddard, Henry Shoenen.

Took Paris Green.

John Teske, a resident of Auburn-dale, took Paris green on Tuesday of last week, from the effects of which he died the following night. Teske went to the cemetery to commit the deed, but not dying he went to a neighbors barn, where he was discovered and taken to a doctor. He leaves a wife and eight children. An inquest was held and the jury rendered a verdict of suicide.

—Bicycles \$1.00 per week at Daly's



THE NECESSITY OF CORRECT DRESS IN BUSINESS

"Clothes are not the man but a most important part of him."

The value of the impression made by good clothes upon the business and social affairs of life in which we all strive to figure to the very best advantage was recognized years before Shakespeare wrote "apparel of't proclaims the man." Dress is a factor in business no less than in society and in both, the first impression made is the most important. The importance of good clothes in making this first impression favorable cannot be overestimated. It helps towards the object to be gained. If you have an important part to play in your business life remember that you must dress up to it. Cheap clothes can never impart that impression of prosperity which plays so important a part in our lives. The successful business man is invariably well dressed; he recognizes the fact, that to be successful he must at all times appear at his best. An unkempt and "seedy" person does not command that amount of respect and confidence that a "well groomed" well dressed man commands.

We'd like to "tailor" you. Better lets make you a suit or top coat. I can assure you that we will do our very best to please you, and make you a well dressed man

HUGH

Suits to Order \$20 to \$75.

If you want the best that Grand Rapids can produce in the clothing line better see "Hugh" about it.

When Will You Be In?

We need you in our business; fact can't get along without you. Come in today and lets give you a suit (not lawsuit) talk. We sell shirts, good ones at 50 cents, better ones at \$1.00, and the best at \$1.50. Although our shirt "tale" is not as long as our suit talk yet we are "long" on shirts, having a very large and complete line to select from.

Hugh G. Corbett,

Railroad fare within a radius of 10 miles refunded on every \$10.00 purchase.

Bogoger Bldg. East Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHAT'S Your Idea about Paint?

LOW PRICE is LOW QUALITY.

Paint "as good as"

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS PAINT

(there's none better) cannot be sold for less than we ask. If less is asked, you know the quality is lower and it's not cheap. It's poorly made, contains poor material, or is short measure. You get what you pay for every time.

SOLD BY

OTTO'S PHARMACY.

YOU KNOW THE PLACE.

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, # bushel	28
Wheat, No. 2, # bushel	65
Rye, # bushel	43
Oats, # bushel	30
Corn, shelled, # 100 lbs.	5.00
Hay, marsh, # ton	9.00
Hay, timothy, # ton	12
Eggs, # dozen	12 @ 1.75
Beans, # bushel	1.25 @ 1.75
Peas, # bushel	70
Onions, # bushel	2.00
Butter, # 100 lbs.	\$3.00 @ 3.50
Beef, dressed, # 100 lbs.	\$5.00 @ 6.00
Pork, dressed, # 100 lbs.	6.00
Veal, # 100 lbs.	7.00
Veal, dressed, # 100 lbs.	6 @ .07
Chickens, live, # 100 lbs.	6 @ .12
Chickens, dressed, # 100 lbs.	6 @ .14
Turkeys, live, # 100 lbs.	8
Turkeys, dressed, # 100 lbs.	13 @ .13
Feed, # ton	21.50
Middlings, # ton	16.50
Brn. # ton	16.00
Bolted Corn Meal, bbl.	3.50
Lard, # 100 lbs.	12
Whole Hams, #	14.75
Mess Pork, bbl.	18.75

To Colorado in 1903.

The Passenger Department of the Chicago & North-Western Railway has issued a very interesting folder, giving information as to reduced rates and sleeping car service, with a short description of the various points of interest in Colorado usually visited by tourists, these excursion rates applying on account of the Christian Endeavor meeting to be held at Denver, July 9th to 13th. Send 2-cent stamp for copy, to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago.

It Pays to Advertise.

A pocket purse containing quite a sum of money was lost by Thomas Banks a couple of weeks ago and notices were placed in the postoffice and other buildings, but without results. Mr. Banks then placed an ad in the Argus, and darned if his dog didn't go out in the back yard and dig up the purse with the contents in good condition. Of course the dog cannot read, but he heard the family reading the item and thus furnished another evidence that it pays to advertise in the Argus. Mr. Banks is \$40 ahead and we will steal the dog at the first opportunity.—Antwerp (O.) Argus.

From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenview, Ill., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says, "I am an auctioneer and being often exposed to the weather, am seriously troubled with my throat, becoming irritated and hoarseness following. When troubled in this way, I always use Harts' Honey and Horehound. It is the only remedy that has ever done me any good and it positively cures." Sold by Sam Church Druggist.

NEW SHOES!

I have just unpacked a large consignment of the very latest in footwear. Here are some that I have:

Dr. Reed's Cushion sole shoe for sore feet. If your feet bother you, try a pair of these.

J. P. Smith Stag Shoe, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4 Ladies Fine Turned Oxfords, the Julia Marlowe. You know all about the Julia Marlowe.

I. ZIMMERMAN,
West Side Shoeman.

PLUMBING

AND STEAM FITTING

All Work Guaranteed to be of the best

Shop at Metzger's old stand on Baker Street east of the court house.

A. GITCHELL,
Grand Rapids, Wisconsin

..MONEY..

I can loan you money on good real estate security. Farm and city property bought and sold.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLE

correctly made. Mortgages, Deeds, Satisfaction Pieces, Powers of Attorney, Etc., carefully executed.

C. E. BOLES

TELEPHONE 232.
Office in MacKinnon Block, west end of bridge.

Patronize Home Industry
by having your work done at the
Riverside Steam Laundry.
All work guaranteed.
GEORGE HOYER, PROP.
West Side, Near Commercial House.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale on Executoress.

In Circuit Court for Wood County, Wisconsin.

J. W. Cochran, Plaintiff, vs. Defendant.

Nikolas Winkel, Defendant.

Judgment for plaintiff rendered, entered and docketed April 3, 1903. Damages and costs, \$272.85.

By virtue of an execution issued out of the Circuit Court for Wood county, Wisconsin, upon the judgment above described, dated and attested to and me directed and delivered on the 11th day of April, A. D. 1903, and in default of payment, and for want of goods and chattels of the defendant above named, whereof to levy and collect the same, I, John J. Ebbe, sheriff of the county aforesaid, have levied upon and will offer for sale, at the front door of the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, in the county and state aforesaid, on the first day of June, A. D. 1903, at 10 a. m. of that day, and sell to the highest bidder for cash, all of the right, title and interest which the said defendant, Nikolas Winkel, had on the 3rd day of April, 1903, or has since acquired, by virtue of the following described real estate, to wit: Lot 2 of Block 3 of subdivision of Fractional or Government Lot 1 in Section 17, Township 22 North, Range 1 East, said subdivision being the plat of the City of Grand Rapids in Wood county, Wisconsin.

Dated April 15, 1903.

JOHN J. EBBE,
Sheriff Wood Co., Wis.

(First Publication 4-15-03)

Notice of Application for Proof of Will.

Wood County Court—In Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss.
COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the Matter of the last Will and Testament of Ann Jeffrey, deceased.

Whereas, An instrument, in writing, purporting to be the last will and testament of Ann Jeffrey, deceased, late of Grand Rapids, Wisconsin, has been filed in this office; and Whereas, Application has been made by John Jeffrey, claiming that said will is true and admitted to probate, according to the laws of this state, and that letters testamentary be granted thereon according to law.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me at the probate office in Grand Rapids in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 13th day of May, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is Further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to said hearing.

Dated April 14th, 1903.

By the Court, W. J. CONWAY,
County Judge.

(First Publication 4-8-04)

Notice of Application.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss.
COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the estate of James McDonald, deceased.

On this 8th day of April, A. D. 1903, upon reading and filing the petition of Selma McDonald, claiming that James McDonald, deceased, died testate, on or about the 29th day of March, 1903, and praying that she, or some other person with her or named by her, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in Grand Rapids, said county and state, on the 5th day of May, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is Further Ordered, That notice of time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court, W. J. CONWAY,
County Judge.

4-22-04

Notice of Application.

In Wood County Court—In Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss.
COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the estate of Joseph Pongratz, deceased.

On this 22nd day of April, A. D. 1903, upon reading and filing the petition of Monika Pongratz, claiming that Joseph Pongratz, deceased, died testate, on or about the 25th day of December, 1902, and praying that she be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in Grand Rapids in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 26th day of May, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock a. m.

And it is Further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court, W. J. CONWAY,
County Judge.

A Great Sensation.

There was a big sensation in Leesville, Ind., when W. H. Brown of that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. He writes: "I endured insufferable agonies from Asthma, but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure." Similar cures for Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50 cents, and \$1.00. Guaranteed by John E. Daly, druggist. Trial bottles free.

Animals That Delight to Play.

In animals the faculty of amusement awakes very early. Our four footed friends seem to be aware of this and make it a part of their parental duties to amuse their young. A ferret will play with her kittens, a cat with hers, a dog with her puppies. A mare will play with her foal, though the writer has never seen a cow try to amuse her calf nor any birds their young. If their mothers do not amuse them, the young ones invent games of their own.—London Tit-Bits.

The Coldness of Space.

Away out in space is a cold so intense that we fairly fail to grasp its meaning. Perhaps 300 or 400 degrees below the freezing point of water, some philosophers think, are the dark recesses beyond our atmosphere. And night and day, summer and winter, this insatiable space is robbing us of our heat and fighting with demonic power to reduce our globe to its own bitter chill.

Better Left Unaid.

Mrs. Homer—You can't go home while it is raining so. Stay and have dinner with us.

Mr. Witless—Oh, no, thank you. It isn't as bad as all that.—Chicago News.

Gossip.

"Isn't that merely idle gossip?"

"Gossip, my dear," answered Miss Cayenne, "is never idle. It is the most industrious thing on earth."—Washington Star.

Wait Till You're Cooler.

If you get mad at a man, make up your mind what you're going to say, and then don't say it.—Baltimore News.

From Feb. 15th to June 15th, 1903 the C. M. & St. P. will sell one way second class colonist tickets at reduced rates to points west. For further particulars inquire of agents.

Plumber Hated to Give Up.

There has just been buried at Loda, in Poland, a centenarian named Jacole Belcher, for whom a "record" might almost certainly be claimed. According to the Cracow papers he was a plumber and had reached his 116th year. That alone should carry him high in the list of "Old Parra," but the fact—if fact it be—which it probably without precedent is that at the age of 112 he was still following his trade. At this time he fell from the roof of a house, where he was repairing some lead piping, and sustained injuries which disabled him for the past three years.

Dreadful Attack of Whooping Cough.

Mrs. Ellen Harrison, of 300 Park, Kansas City, Mo., writes as follows: "Our two children had a severe attack of whooping cough, one of them in the paroxysm of coughing would often faint and bleed at the nose. We tried everything we heard of without getting relief. We then called in our family doctor who prescribed Foley's Honey and Tar. With the first dose they began to improve and we feel that it has saved their lives. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

John Kelly's Son a Broken.

John Jerome Kelly, son of the late John Kelly, who was leader of Tammany Hall next before Croker, became a member of the New York Stock exchange a few days ago and was initiated with a degree of violence which bore testimony to his popularity. The members daubed his face with paint and made him dance as Indians dance in geography pictures. The reason they hazed him that way was because his father was a political Indian and because Mr. Kelly expects to do whatever brokerage business there is to be done for the Tammany Indians of this day.

Don't!

Don't get the notion that the curative power of a medicine exists in the name. It must be in the medicine itself. You have heard of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup. It is not made of figs because the laxative principal of figs are the seeds, yet it is as pleasant to take as figs are to eat and is a certain cure for biliousness, constipation indigestion and stomach troubles. The name is Re-Go, which in Sanscrit means "good." The merit is all in the medicine itself. Sold by Sam Church Druggist.

Russians as Linguists.

Every educated Russian knows three languages besides his own, and many of them four. Knowledge of the English, French and German languages is considered necessary to culture. A family having small children employ two to four governesses, from whom the children learn foreign tongues before they are taught the more difficult Russian. This command of language makes possible the fact that Russians have a better knowledge of the world's affairs than any other people.

Better Than Pills.

The question has been asked, "In what way are Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets superior to pills? Our answer is: They are easier and more pleasant to take, more mild and gentle in effect and more reliable as they can always be depended upon. Then they cleanse and invigorate the stomach and leave the bowels in a natural condition, while the pills are more harsh in effect and their use is often followed by constipation. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Completing the Quotation.

An English correspondent relates that a man in Scotland wished to have cut over the door of a new house the text: "My house shall be called a house of prayer." He left the workmen to carry out his wishes during his absence, and on his return his horror was great to find the quotation completed. "But ye have made it a den of thieves." "We had a wee taining mair room, ye see, so we just put in the end of the verse," was the explanation given by the Bible-loving Scot.

A neighbor ran in with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when my son was suffering with severe cramps and was given up as beyond hope by my regular physician, who stands high in his profession. After administering three doses of it, my son regained consciousness and recovered entirely inside of twenty-four hours," says Mrs. Mary Haller, of Mt. Crawford, Va. This Remedy is for sale Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Journalist's Happy Phrase.

Congressman Littlefield of Maine was assuring some Washington correspondents that journalistic talent is not confined to the national capital. "Why, I know of a reporter," he said, "who was describing the wreck of a vessel on the Maine coast. This was one of the sentences: 'At this moment a giant wave swept over the doomed craft and six poor sailors bit the dust.' Any of you fellows ever beat that?" The correspondents said in chorus: "I hope not."

Building Lots for Sale.

—Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot 80x120.

E. I. PHILLO.

To cure a cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

For a clear skin, clear all the way thru, transparent enough to let sunshine—rosy cheeks show thru—take Rocky Mountain Tea. This month, spring time. 35 cents. Sold by Johnson Hill & Co.

A Successful Adventurer.

Many years ago Sir Thomas Lipton was a passenger on an East Indian steamer bound for Ceylon. While in the Red sea the boat was disabled, and it became necessary to throw overboard a part of her cargo. Lipton was an interested spectator of the preparations for lightening the ship. Suddenly he bolted the scene and by a twenty dollar dicker with the chief engineer secured a paint brush and a pot of black paint. Then, to the astonishment of the captain and passengers, he cheerfully labeled each box and bale thrown overboard "Use Lipton's Teas." The cargo, of course, floated ashore, and for miles in Araby and other lands the natives saw that legend. Subsequently the passengers on the injured steamer were compelled to abandon it and take to small boats. On reaching land Sir Thomas was the first to make a cable office and wire the destruction of the boat and safety of the travelers to London. The message was signed "Lipton." Of course his name was in every English newspaper the next morning, signed to that message, and he was the best advertised man in the kingdom.

Unappreciated.

The shrewdness of one of the founders of a famous estate in Maine gave rise to many amusing stories, one of which has recently been retold.

One day the man, who was a large lumber operator, was superintending a crew which was breaking up a log jam in the river. Suddenly the spruce on which he was standing slipped. The lumberman dropped out of sight in the water, and the logs closed over him.

The nearest Frenchman saw the accident. Hopping briskly over the slippery logs, he helped the "boss" to land. Nothing was said about the accident. After an hour or so the Frenchman began to get anxious because the reward which he considered due was not forthcoming. He approached the lumberman and, pulling clumsily at his cap, stammered:

"I see you fall in, m'sieur, an' I run quick to pull you out 'fore you drown."

"Probly," snapped the lumberman—"probly if you'd been tending to business as you'd oughter you would've have seen me fall in!"

The Early Maine Schools.

The first schools in some Maine towns have been attended with romantic circumstances. The first school in Guilford, for want of a better place in which to fertilize the young idea, was held "in the loft over Captain Bennett's open shed." In Dexter the first gathering of archins for instruction was in "Lieutenant Stafford's barn." In Corinth the first school was held in the open air under a large tree.

The first schoolroom in Exeter was perhaps as unique as any. Cratched poles were set in the ground back of Mr. Barker's barn and on those other poles were laid, while around the sides loose boards were set up on end to inclose the space where the school was held. Scholars of the present day would look askance at such conveniences.

An Old Legacy.

A Wednesday (England) resident in the sixteenth century left \$1,000 to provide annually on St. Thomas' day three gowns and three coats to indigent persons of the parish. Following the custom of the times, the money was invested in land in this case in minerals, and the original legacy has increased in value to \$30,000. Instead of the three gowns and three coats the charity commissioners who administer the funds are able to present 200 gowns and sixty coats.

Castor Oil.

A simple method of taking castor oil, according to Medical News, without producing any nauseating effects is to instruct the patient to wash out the mouth with water as hot as can be borne, swallow a little of it, then swallow the oil and follow this by rinsing out the mouth well with hot water. The first swallow of the water cleanses the mouth, makes the membranes hot, so that the oil does not stick, and consequently slips down easily.

Hard to Please.

Brown—You don't look very happy, Dumley.

Dumley—I have just lost a fiver on a bet.

Brown—That's bad.

Dumley—Yes. I had an awful attack of rheumatism this morning, and that young squirt of a doctor, Tiptsive, bet me a fiver he could cure it before night, and I'll be hanged if he didn't win the money!

From the Courts.

High above the buzz of factories, the clang of trolley gongs and the clatter of traffic rose a crash that terrified the visitor to America.

"I hear that noise wherever I go," said he. "What is it?"

"Don't be alarmed," were replied. "That's only somebody's relatives breaking his will."—Newark News.

The Trouble With the Clock.

"What time is it?" asked his wife suspiciously as he came in.

"About 1."

Just then the clock struck 3.

"Gracious! When did the clock commence to stutter?" he said, with a feeble attempt at justification and a joke.

A Prentice Hand.

"That man you had doing some carpenter work is a fraud."

"How do you know? He did good work."

"That may be, but he's no carpenter. He cleared up the mess he made."—Judge.

Never argue at the dinner table, for the one who is not hungry always gets the best of the bargain.—Colton.

THE RELIEF AND AID COMMITTEEMAN

[Original.]

In the rooms of the relief and aid committee to distribute funds contributed to sufferers by the great Chicago fire of 1871 Edward Tucker, a committeeman, sat writing.

"Can you tell me how to secure aid?"

Tucker looked up into the kindly, patient face of an old woman who wore a faded, threadbare dress that many years before must have been costly.

"Have you been burned out, madam?" he asked.

"Well, no, not exactly, but we are somewhat straitened in our circumstances. My husband was a banker. He died many years ago and left us without anything to live on, and" (confidentially) "I wasn't brought up right. My father had been rich. I couldn't take hold for myself."

"What was your husband's name?"

"Plumber—Ralph B. Plumber of Plumber & Chubb, bankers."

Mr. Tucker started.

"You knew him?"

"Yes. That is many years ago. He was a great deal older than I and rich. I was a poor boy then. Give me your address, Mrs. Plumber."

She gave him an address which Tucker noted, and the old lady withdrew. Tucker took a checkbook from his desk and wrote a check. Then stepping to a man who sat at another desk he said:

"Exchange check for that, please, payable to Mrs. Ralph B. Plumber."

The check was duly made out, and Tucker went to his room to prepare for dinner, which he usually took at his club. As he entered he sighed. No one was ever in the room but himself and a servant. It was a dreary place, though it was handsomely furnished. Tucker sat down and brooded for awhile, as he had brooded many a time before, on the fact that with all his means for the procurement of a home he had no home. Why was he not married? There were a dozen women among the wealthy people with whom he moved who had angled for him. Perhaps it was because they angled that he did not care to marry them. Presently he arose languidly and made his toilet. He dined alone at his club and after dinner set out to find Mrs. Plumber.

He was admitted by a girl of twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, bearing the same impress of refinement as her mother. She resembled her father, especially as Tucker had known him when he was perhaps ten years older than the daughter was now.

"Your mother called this morning at the relief and aid committee's room, and I have called to examine the case," said Tucker in a kindly tone. He was introduced into the living room, where Mrs. Plumber received him with astonishment, and he sat down on a chair with holes in the seat almost large enough to let him through. He asked Mrs. Plumber about her resources; then, apparently satisfied that it was a proper case for the committee to relieve, took out its check for \$500. Mrs. Plumber, to whom he handed it, was too dazed at receiving a check at all to notice the amount and turned it over to her daughter. Margaret Plumber glanced at it and handed it back to Tucker, with the remark that there must be some mistake. It was some time before he could convince the two of the extreme liberality of the committee in their case.

Tucker called often, every time bringing a check signed by the cashier of the relief and aid society till the abode of the Plumbers was painted and furnished and their wardrobes removed.

He took Margaret Plumber out to amusements and to drive and spent many an evening with her at her home. One evening he brought a check from the relief and aid society which Margaret declined. "There is no further occasion," she said, "for this assistance. I have been studying shorthand and typewriting and have finished my studies and secured a situation. Now I wish, Mr. Tucker, that you would give me some hint as to how I may show you my appreciation of your kindly interest which has resulted in these checks."

"There is but one way and that would be asking too much."

"Name it, and I promise you it shall be done."

"If not repugnant to you."

"Nothing I can do for you would be repugnant to me."

"You will not think me selfish?"

"I am sure you could never be selfish. Come, tell me what is this return?"

"Marry me."

The girl looked at him as though she did not understand.

"Marry you?"

"No, never mind. I'm too old—and prosaic. I've not been brought up in the refined way you have. I had to scratch when very young. And, now I'm on my shortcomings, I may as well confess that the relief and aid money you have received did not come from the committee at all. It is merely a return of money loaned me by your father when I was sixteen years old and a clerk in his bank. He advanced me \$500 to start with in business. I returned the amount, but think of the money it enabled me to make! I consider you and your mother entitled to half my fortune. No; for me to aspire to the hand of Mr. Plumber's daughter is absurd."

For the moment he was again the office boy, Margaret Plumber the banker's daughter. Margaret continued to stare at him as he proceeded, then the whole meaning of it all seemed to break upon her, and she threw herself into his arms.

THOMAS BARBER JUDSON.

MY RUBY WEDDING RING

By.....
L. Frank Baum

Copyright, 1908, by
L. Frank Baum

THE inn at Loudre was very disagreeable. The odor of garlic and cabbage and the dampness and dirt were unsupportable, and so I decided to push on to Danvers. The only vehicle I could procure was a rattling two seated gig drawn by a bony white horse of doubtful ability, but as my destination was only three hours away and I was not liable to meet any one on the lonely road I started off cheerfully enough, resolved to enjoy my solitary drive to the utmost.

The moonlight as it glinted on the soft green of the hedges and streaked the gray of the dusty road was very beautiful, and before half a league had been passed over I heartily congratulated myself upon my good fortune in escaping the horrible inn at Loudre.

After an hour's dreamy and delightful ride I came to a crossroads where with difficulty I deciphered the battered signpost and learned I must turn to the left to reach Danvers. So, clucking up my deliberate steed, who proceeded in a half dignified, half protesting fashion, I turned into a grassy lane between two tall hedges and drove through a lonely district until the dreamy influence of the night overcame me and I drifted into a somnolent state midway between sleep and waking.

I was aroused by the sudden halting of my horse, who gave a frightened snort and planted both front feet firmly before him.

A subdued sobbing, as of a woman in distress, fell upon my ears, and, leaning forward, I peered into the moonlight to discover whence it came.

A high brick wall ran close to the roadway, covered with ivy and lichens, and leaning against an angle of this, a few steps before me, was a slight, girlish form draped in a dark mantle.

I sprang to the ground and softly approached her. Her face was buried in her hands, and she sobbed bitterly.

"Mademoiselle," I said, speaking in French, "you are in trouble. Can I assist you in any way?"

She lifted her head, and the moonlight fell upon the most beautiful face I have ever seen. Absolutely faultless in feature, it was surmounted by a crown of yellow hair that shone like gold in the glare of the moonbeams, while a pair of deep violet eyes that even tears could not dim looked earnestly into mine.

"Who are you?" I asked gently, "and why are you here?"

"I am Amelie de Boursous, monsieur, and I reside at the chateau just within these gates."

The soft, musical notes of her voice added to the powerful impression her exquisite beauty had already produced upon my heart.

"But it is late," I continued. "Surely some great misfortune must have befallen you to bring you here at this hour."

"It is true, monsieur," she replied, struggling with a new paroxysm of grief. "Tomorrow is my wedding day."

"But is that so terrible an event?" I asked.

"If you but knew, monsieur," she said, "how vile and brutal is the man they are forcing me to marry, you would willingly save me from my horrible fate."

She accompanied these words with an appealing look into my face, and then she dropped her head and sobbed anew.

I did not stop to reason upon the strangeness of all this. I was a young, generous hearted man in those days and could not resist this appeal from beauty in distress.

"But tell me," I said, "how can I save you from this distasteful marriage? Do you wish to fly? I have a conveyance close by and will gladly escort you to a place of safety."

"To fly would avail me nothing," she answered, with a sweet sadness. "They would follow us and force me to return."

"But how else can I save you?" I asked helplessly.

"I do not know," she replied, with a sudden calmness that suggested despair, "but unless you can find some way to succor me I shall take my own life."

There was no doubt from the expression of her low, earnest voice that she meant this, and, filled with consternation at the thought, I racked my brains for some way to preserve both her life and happiness.

At last an idea came to me, but I trembled at my own presumption as I suggested it.

"Mademoiselle," I said haltingly, "I see but one alternative. You must marry me."

The violet eyes opened wide in surprise. "Marry you, monsieur?"

"Then pursuit would be useless. Being my wife, you would escape this villain who insists upon wedding you. I am free and able to give you all that would add to your happiness, and I shall learn to love you very dearly. It is true that I am a stranger to you, but I assure you I am in all ways worthy to seek both your heart and your hand."

She gazed with earnest intentness into my face for a moment and then replied slowly:

"I think I shall trust you, monsieur. Indeed, I cannot help myself. I will be your wife."

There was no coyness in her answer; no blush tinted the pale, beautiful face; but she drew herself up with an air of simple dignity that commanded my respect and admiration.

"Then come," I said eagerly. "We must lose no time. It will be midnight before we can hope to reach Danvers."

"Not Danvers," she replied, shrinking back as I sought to take her hand. "Let us go to Tregonne. There is a notary there who will marry us, and we are far safer from pursuit."

"Very well," I answered. "Let us be off."

Refusing my proffered assistance, Mlle. de Boursous walked to the carriage and sprang lightly to the back seat. Rather awkwardly I took my place in front, gathered up the reins and drove off as swiftly as I could induce the ancient steed to move.

Mademoiselle drew her mantle closely over her head and shoulders, and only once during the long drive did she speak. Then it was to direct me to the Tregonne road.

With ample time for reflection my adventure now began to seem rather queer and uncanny, and by the time we

"I think I shall trust you, monsieur,"

discovered the lights of Tregonne twinkling before us I had come to doubt the perfect wisdom of my present course.

But it was too late to draw back now, and the girl was very beautiful.

"This is the notary's," said my companion in her low, sweet voice, indicating by a gesture a rambling structure from whose windows gleamed a single light.

I leaped out, found the door at the end of a long pathway and knocked upon it loudly.

A tall, thin man beyond the middle age, holding a tallow candle high above his head, answered my call.

"You are the notary?" I asked briefly. He nodded assent.

"I wish to be married."

"Married?" he echoed in surprise. "But when, monsieur?"

"Now, at once."

"But the bride, monsieur?"

"I will fetch the bride. She is waiting without."

I thought he intended to protest, so I left him abruptly and returned for the lady. She was already coming toward the house, and as I met her she motioned me to go before, while she followed silently up the pathway.

The notary admitted us without ceremony, and we entered a small, dimly lighted room that appeared to be a study.

My companion at once seated herself in an armchair, but without removing the mufflings from her face.

The notary snuffed the candle, arranged his books and, turning to me with a penetrating look, said:

"I must know your name, monsieur."

"Richard Harrington."

"Your residence?"

"I am an American."

He wrote the answers in his book. Then, glancing toward the armchair, he continued:

"The lady's name?"

I waited for her to reply, but as she remained silent I answered:

"Amelie de Boursous."

"Who?" cried the notary in a loud voice, springing to his feet, while a look of fear and consternation spread over his wrinkled face.

"Amelie de Boursous," I repeated slowly, infected by the man's agitation in spite of myself.

The notary stared wildly at the muffled form of the lady. Then he drew out his handkerchief and wiped the beads of perspiration from his forehead.

"What does this mean, monsieur?" I demanded angrily.

The man heeded me not the slightest; but, clutching the edge of the table to steady himself and extending his long, bony finger toward the girl, he exclaimed:

"Are you Amelie de Boursous?"

Slowly, with admirable grace and dignity, the lady threw back her mantle, and her marvelous beauty was again revealed.

The notary, with distended eyes fixed upon the vision, sank back in his chair with a low moan.

"This must be explained, monsieur," I cried, striding to his side and grasping his shoulder. "Is there any reason why I should not marry Mlle. de Boursous?"

"Mlle. de Boursous," returned the notary, still regarding her with horror, "has been dead these forty years!"

"Dead!" I echoed, staring first at the notary and then at the girl, while a sense of bewilderment overcame me.

Mlle. de Boursous arose with a charming smile and came to my side.

"See, monsieur!" she exclaimed mockingly and giving me her hand. "Do you also think me dead?"

The hand was as cold as ice, but its touch sent a strange thrill through my body.

"Come, monsieur," I said to the notary, who watched the scene in amazement. "Read the ceremony at once. We are in haste."

Slowly and with trembling voice the notary obeyed, the girl at my side returning the answers in a sweet, collected voice that disarmed my fears and calmed to some extent the notary himself.

I drew a seal ring from my finger and placed it upon her icy hand, and in its place she slipped a large ruby from her own hand upon mine.

The ceremony concluded, I paid the notary, thanking him briefly for his services, and, followed by my bride, walked down the path to my carriage. The notary stood in the doorway lighting us with the candle.

At the carriage I turned to hand my wife to her seat, but she had disappeared.

I ran back to the doorway.

"Where is my wife?" I asked.

"She followed you down the path," said the man.

"But she is not there."

Without a word the notary accompanied me back to the carriage. No trace of the girl was to be seen.

Right and left among the shrubbery I searched. I called aloud her name, entreating her to come to me, but no sight of the beautiful face rewarded my efforts.

I returned to the notary's study filled with vague misgivings.

"Where can she be?" I asked dismally.

"In her grave," was the hoarse answer.

"Monsieur?"

"I told you before that she was dead. It is true. You have wedded a ghost."

The next morning, in company with the notary, I drove down the road till we came to the brick wall where I had first seen Amelie de Boursous.

We entered the gates and walked to the chateau that stood in the neglected grounds. An old woman admitted us, the caretaker, and at the notary's request allowed us to visit the gallery.

The notary threw back the shutters, and the sun came in and flooded the portrait of a beautiful girl whose violet eyes regarded me with the same sweet expression I had noted in my bride of the previous evening.

"It is Amelie de Boursous," said the notary in a gentle voice. "I have seen this picture often and heard the girl's pitiful story, and that is why I knew her last night to be a mere phantom. Her father was a stern, hard man, who insisted upon her marrying a person utterly distasteful to the young girl. She tried to escape, but was captured and brought home to confront her fate. On the wedding morning they found her dead in her bed. She had taken her own life. That was forty years ago, monsieur."

As we left the room I glanced curiously at the ruby that sparkled on my finger.

I wear it to this day.

It is the only evidence I have ever possessed of my phantom bride.

Large Connection.

An amusing story is told of Robert Simson, who was professor of mathematics at the University of Glasgow and as eccentric in some ways as he was brilliant in others. He always counted his steps on the street and allowed nothing to interfere with this valuable practice. If any one spoke to him during the process, he repeated the number of the last step taken and stopped short until he could resume his count and walk on.

One day he was accosted by a man who knew him by sight, but had never been told of the professor's habit of counting steps.

"I beg your pardon, professor," he said, at which the mathematician halted, murmuring "Five hundred and seventy-three."

"May I have a word with you?" asked the man.

"Most happy—573."

"Oh, no; merely one question."

"Well—573."

"You are too kind; but, knowing your acquaintance with the late Dr. B., may I venture to ask whether I am right in saying that he left £500 to each of his nieces?"

"Precisely—573."

"And there were four nieces, were there not?"

"Exactly—573."

The man stared at the professor, and then, muttering, "Five hundred and seventy-three—he must be crazy!" he made a hasty bow and started away.

"No, no," cried the professor, taking a step as he spoke; "not 573 nieces—four—574!"

A Friendly Tip.

Mr. Jones kept a toyshop and among various things sold fishing rods. For the purpose of advertising them he had a large rod hanging outside, with an artificial fish at the end of it. Late one night, when most people were in bed, a man who was rather the worse for his night's enjoyment happened to see this fish. He looked at it, and then went cautiously up to the door and knocked gently. Jones did not hear this, so after the man had knocked a little louder he responded at the window up above.

"Who's there?" said Jones.

"Don't make a noise," said the man in a whisper, "but come down as quietly as you can."

At this request our friend thought there must be something the matter. So, after dressing and coming down as quietly as possible, he proceeded to ask what it was.

"What is the matter?" he inquired.

"Sh!" said the man. "Pull your line in, quick! You've got a bite!"

If you find you've no time to spare in writing those good Old Folks back East, send 'em this paper. It tells more than a letter.

A Valuable Medicine.

For Coughs and Colds in Children.

"I have not the slightest hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all who are suffering from coughs or colds," says Chas. M. Cramer, Esq., a well known watch maker, of Colombo, Ceylon.

"It has been some two years since the City Dispensary first called my attention to this valuable medicine and I have repeatedly used it and it has always been beneficial. It has cured me quickly of all chest colds. It is especially effective for children and seldom takes more than one bottle to cure them of hoarseness. I have persuaded many to try this valuable medicine, and they are all as well as myself over the results." For sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Half Rates to New Orleans, La.

Via the North-Western line. Excursion tickets will be sold at one fare for round trip May 1, 2, 3 and 4, limited for return by special extension until May 30, inclusive, on account of Annual Meeting American Medical Association. Apply to agents Chicago & North-Western R'y.

Pleasant to the Taste.

One of the most important requirements in a medicine to be given to small children should be that it is pleasant to taste. Bad tasting medicines disturb the stomach, destroy the appetite and it is extremely difficult to get children to take them. The pleasant flavor of Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup the certain cure for dyspepsia, constipation and biliousness pleases the most sensible persons and is the ideal laxative for young children. Sold by Sam Church Druggist.

Pierpont Morgan's Straight Talk.

Pierpont Morgan was besieged by a group of newspapermen in Washington one day last week. They wanted to get his opinions on some of the problems confronting Wall street. "Gentlemen," said the multimillionaire, "your business is to get news and print it; mine is to do things if I can. Now, suppose I gave you the news in advance regarding things I may try to do. You would be the winners and I the loser, and you would think me a dunce for letting you win. Good day, gentlemen."

Good for Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain and annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I had seen advertised in the South Jerseyman. After two applications of this Remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle, was completely cured.—SALLIE HARRIS, Salem, N. J. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

THE GRAND RAPIDS WAGON WORKS.

Factory located near the MacKinnon Mfg. Co.

MANUFACTURERS OF



FARM WAGONS, TRUCKS, ETC. ALSO ALL KINDS OF REPAIRING.

We make a specialty of Manufacturing wagons with Metal Covered Hubs.

When in need of a wagon call and take choice

REPAIRING...

I do anything in the line of repairing Sewing machines, bicycles. Razors shears and saws sharpened. All work guaranteed.

The best Carpenter Tools can always be found here.

A full line of fine Cutlery, Guns and Revolvers kept in stock.

D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,

East Side Near City Hall.

A Fair Exchange Is no Robbery.

That is what we give you when you buy Lumber of us. We have got into this habit and we cannot help it now. We manufacture our lumber right here, so you see that there is no freight tacked on for you to pay. That is why our price is always lower than the other fellow's. Let us figure on your bill.

GRAND RAPIDS LBR. CO.

Office west of the St. Paul track.



"IF YOU ARE PROUD OF YOUR HORSE HITCH HIM TO A WAGON THAT WILL NOT DETRACT FROM HIS VALUE"

Have you Got the Hoss? WE HAVE THE CARRIAGE.

Anything in a Surrey, Carriage, Buggy, Cart, Road or Lumber Wagon. Lap Robes, Whips, Harness and buggy oil.

Centralia Hdw. Co.

Good Goods. Lowest Prices.

Grand Rapids Tribune
BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., April 29, 1903

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....	\$1.50
Six Months.....	75

Facts From the Philippines.

A part of Gen. Miles report has been made public and what he says of the condition of things in the Philippines is fully as bad, if not worse, than they have been painted by the people who have been interested in the matter, but who have been cried down by certain parties who claimed that the alleged disclosures were only political roborations.

Gen. Miles tells of cruelty of all kinds, including torture by the water cure, deliberate murder of natives for real or fancied wrongs, and many other misdeeds as no better than savages.

For a nation that has been doing the strutting that the United States has during the past few years, these disclosures are all the more damning. It is doubtful if the Spaniards practiced anything worse, and it is entirely probable that, on account of their indolence, they were not so bad.

There are men who might go to the Philippines and make a report of what they had seen and the people might doubt the authenticity of their story, but it is not so with General Miles. He has proven himself brave enough to tell the truth under much more pressing circumstances than these, and the people at large will believe him.

There should be a rigid investigation of the facts and if they are as told by the general, and no doubt they are, the guilty ones shall receive the punishment they merit.

Boys, Buy Farms.

If the young men who hang about the city, either working for small pay as clerks and factory hands or "looking for a job," could only be brought to realize how much greater their chances of success would be on a farm, the number of instances where the boy reverses the story book order, and leaves the city to "seek for his fortune" in the country, would be vastly increased. Farm life is infinitely easier and more attractive, in this day of machinery, than in the old times when everything had to be done by dint of muscle; the transition from the position of a laborer to that of the owner of a piece of land is made easier by the higher wages. Now that the spring term of the city school will soon be drawing to a close, boys who want vacation work should be encouraged to seek it on the farm and garden. Good healthy, profitable work can there be found for any number of them. If the monthly cash wages are smaller, the difference is more than offset by the "board and lodging," which the farmer furnishes, and by the circumstances that the requirements of dress are very much smaller in the country.

To Stop Cigarette Smoking.

It seems that at last the law makers of the state have come to a complete realization of the evils that are attendant upon the use of cigarettes. The legislature has taken the matter up and a bill has already passed the assembly which prohibits the sale of cigarettes and the senate has also been wrestling with the subject. It is possible that instead of making the law prohibitive it will put a license of \$300 on the person that sells these little articles commonly designated as "coffin tacks." This latter method would hardly seem to be effective, as it would not prohibit the sale of them altogether, which is the object in view. Senator Bird has written letters to one hundred high school principals in the state asking them what per cent of their pupils are addicted to the use of cigarettes, what the effect is upon the users of the weed and whether the sale of them ought to be prohibited. He has received many answers and these invariably state that the influence is a bad one and the percentage given is all the way from nothing to ninety per cent. They also think the sale should be prohibited. The percentage given in Grand Rapids is 15.

Whether a law prohibiting the sale of cigarettes would any more than mitigate the evil is doubtful. There is now a law in existence which prohibits the sale of cigarettes to minors, but as most of the high school pupils are minors they seem to be able to get them just the same. If the boy who has reached the high school age cannot be made to see the evil of a habit and thus be induced to stop it, it is doubtful if any law that can be passed would do the business. The average boy of American birth possesses enough mechanical ingenuity to be able to roll a cigarette, and tobacco can be procured anywhere, so that the sale of the evil is not necessary to its existence. Parents should take the matter up with their children and by this means try to accomplish what may be found to be impossible by law.

Chronic Bronchitis Cured.

"For ten years I had chronic bronchitis so bad that I could not speak above a whisper," writes Mr. Joseph Coffman, is Montmorenci, Ind. "I tried all remedies available, but with no success. Fortunately my employer suggested that I try Foley's Honey and Tar, and always with satisfaction." Sold by Johnson & Hill.

\$53.75 To California and Back.

From Grand Rapids, Wis. to San Francisco or Los Angeles and return. First class tickets.

May 3rd and May 12th to 18th.

Via Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. Return limit July 15th. Ask nearest agent for details, or write to P. A. Miller, general passenger agent, Chicago.

--More money than some people have. "A Millionaire Traump."

Concerning Drainage Matter.

The following, taken from the Farmers Sentinel, gives some of the experiences of a man who has been up against the drainage proposition, and is published at the request of one of our subscribers who is intimately interested in the proposed drainage scheme on the Buena Vista marsh:

The one thing to which the attention of the people of this section of Monroe county should be called at this time is the growth and power of the drainage association, its future danger to the taxpayers, and its disregard of individual rights. It is wiser to foresee an evil and take steps to avert it than to pass on heedless of results. It will be well for us to inquire more fully into this drainage question.

Your attention is called to some facts about the drainage tax which have been secured from the treasurer of the town of Kingston, Juneau county. This is the "Little Yellow" drainage district, and the tax this year on wild land ranged from \$8 to \$12 on each forty acres. One man paid on forty-two acres a tax of \$408, and this on land quite a long distance from the ditch. This tax merely goes toward paying for the construction of the main ditch, the laterals not having been dug. The small owners of land have as yet received no benefit from the ditch and keenly feel the burden.

Land speculators who sold at good figures on the strength of the drainage system are, however, ahead on the deal. The ditch cost \$80,000, which was borrowed for twenty years at 6 per cent interest and \$1,000 on the principal. Each year the amount to be paid on the principal will be greater than the year before; therefore the taxes in the district will continually increase for twenty years.

Let us make a computation of what the owners in the "Little Yellow" district must pay to cancel the debt. According to the above statement, these lands must pay \$80,000, in twenty years this sum, at 6 per cent interest, will amount to \$176,000, besides the annual tax to keep the ditch in repair. And in addition to this tax three commissioners must be paid \$4,500 each year to make more assessments and to keep the ditch open. If paying the interest, \$4,500, and \$1,000 on the principal, make a tax on each forty acres of from \$8 to \$12, the whole debt at once would make a tax on each forty acres of nearly fourteen times this amount. And to pay it at the end of twenty years would cost \$300 on each forty acres; and when the laterals are dug \$600 on each forty acres. The result of "Little Yellow" ditch should prove an object lesson to us.

Let us in the "Dandy Creek" district call a halt and make strenuous efforts to drive out this association. No one objects to their draining their own land, but let them ditch at their own expense. If this "Dandy Creek" ditch and laterals are dug it will cost not less than \$250,000.

Two-thirds of the farmers in this section will not be able to pay the taxes and will lose their homes. It is time this syndicate were shown up by the local press.

This drainage law is a piece of class legislation that should be repealed. It was enacted in the interest of a few men who have drifted in here upon a high tide.

At present these men are masters of the situation, but with an intelligent public opinion thoroughly aroused it is only a question of time when it will compel a fair adjustment of the relation between them and the taxpayers of this section.

All classes of taxpayers in the drainage district should be interested in having remedies promptly applied to this drainage evil Act, while it is yet called today.

Ernest K. Snell.

Did They Mean it.

When the campaign was on last fall, one of the things that the republicans most delighted in telling their audiences was that if they were elected they would go down there to Madison and enact a primary election law that would enable every voter to go to the primary and nominate whoever he wanted to run for office. Of course they had told this all two years before when they were looking for office, but they had been rather quiet about it at that time. The democrats had just got thru talking about the primary election law, and of course they did not want to be suspected of adopting anything of a democratic nature.

Whether they got any votes last fall by promising to enact a primary election law cannot be told, but they got enough votes somehow to elect a majority of them. They have been in session now about four months and they seem to be further from passing the law than they were when they met. In fact it has begun to be apparent to the ordinary human being that the majority of them never intended to pass the law if they could get out of it gracefully. They have apparently found the way, but whether it has been accomplished with enough grace to fool their constituents remains to be seen.

Paper From Pine Shavings.

Little more than a month ago a mill at Orange, Tex., turned out paper made from yellow pine shavings. The announcement of the feat has attracted wide attention, inasmuch as it points to the possible utilization of another waste product of the southern lumber industry, and it is reported that John H. Kirby, of Houston, Tex., head of the Kirby Lumber Company, is investigating with a view possibly to erecting in Texas several mills to make paper from the new material. By this process three tons of shavings will make one ton of paper, and putting the cost of shavings at \$1 a ton, we have a ton of paper costing \$3 for the raw material against a cost of \$12.08 for the pulp made in the north. These figures emphasize the value of the experiment made in Orange, for if it proves to be feasible and profitable to make paper out of yellow pine a new industry will be created of very great importance to the whole country.

--120 acres of good farming lands for sale cheap. Inquire of C. F. Kruger at Johnson Hill Co's. store.

--Now is the time to plant box alders. G. Bruehl can supply you with young trees.

Special Train Excursion to La-Crosse, Wis. Popular Rate.

Via the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, on Sunday, May 10th. Special free program at Lake Park: Balloon ascension and parachute descent by Madam Frances Le Roy of St. Paul, Minn.

Capt. Zeno--sensational high dive into life-saving net.

Grand band concert and musical program.

Baseball game at LaCrosse ball park, Leunon ball club of St. Paul vs. LaCrosse. General admission free only to holders of excursion tickets.

Also numerous other attractions at LaCrosse which will insure a pleasant time for all excursionists.

The special train will leave Grand Rapids at 8 a. m. on Sunday, May 10, and returning will leave LaCrosse at 8 p. m., Sunday, May 10th. Excursion tickets will be good going only on date of sale and returning May 10th on above special train. Sleeping car berth rate in each direction, \$2.00. Make reservations through nearest agents.

For further particulars apply to the ticket agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R'y.

Crayon Portraits.

--Do you want Crayon or Pastel enlargements? We are making them cheaper and better than you can get them from traveling agents. Crayons that were \$1.98 now \$1.00. Pastels that were \$3.00 now \$1.00. We employ no agents. The Home Portrait company. H. LITCHOW, Near Centralia Hardware company. Lock box 12. West side.

Open the door, let in the air, The winds are sweet, the flowers fair, Joy is abroad in the world for me, Since taking Rocky Mountain Tea. Sold by Johnson Hill & Co.

Doctors Here Again

THE LAST CHANCE.

For
ONE MONTHS TREATMENT WITH MEDICINE FREE

The Doctors of the St. Luke's Hospital have at the request of a number of patients now under their treatment in this county, established a permanent branch office, at the Commercial House in this city, and will be here May 10 and 11. All invalids who call on the doctor in charge on his fourth visit to this city will receive one month's treatment

ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE for consultation, examination and all minor surgical operations, and medicine included during the course. Those afflicted with obstinate diseases of long standing restored to health by a never failing scientific method.

Are you suffering with catarrh, anemia, jaundice, eruption on the skin, scrofulous swelling, eczema, pimples, boils, nervousness, sleepless nights, a disordered stomach, with sick headache, and consumption, are you broken down, with cold feet and a loss of nerve force? Do you want to get cured? Diseases of women, irregularities, painful periods, a never failing cure.

Don't wait until you are past help but consult the able Specialist at once. While he has cured many, there are thousands who should go to him and receive advice and treatment that will prolong their lives and make their remaining years, years of happiness.

The doctor is a man of vast hospital and general experience, and treats successfully such diseases as hemorrhoids, piles, rupture, kidney and bladder trouble, varicocele, diseases of women and diseases of men. Do not fail to give the doctor a call and satisfy yourself what your trouble is, and he will frankly tell you if you are curable or not. It will cost you nothing and it will be worth hundreds of dollars.

KREIGER & CO.

AGENTS FOR THE
RAMBLER HIBBARD ADLAK MITCHELL LACLEDE

All standard makes and known to every rider.

Fresh single and double tube tires of all kinds just received. Expert repairing on short notice.

Near St. Paul depot. Tel 29

NEW MEAT MARKET

The meat market of Stanke & Reiland is now open for business. Shop located across from Johnson & Hill's in Gross's old stand. Mr. Stanke has exceptional ability in selecting choice meats and Mr. Reiland will do the cutting and see that you are treated right.

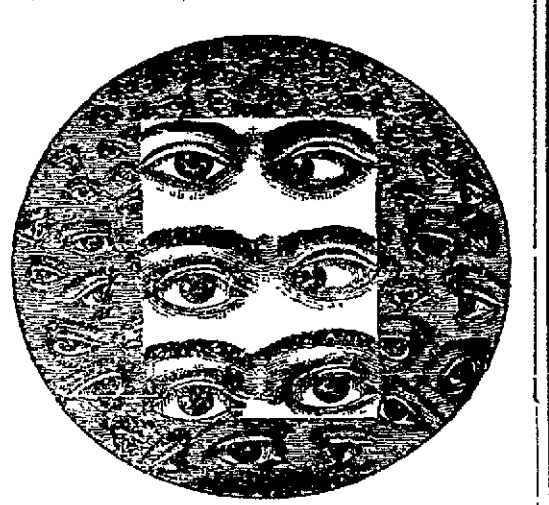
Stanke & Reiland.

Pneumonia is Robbed of its Terrors

by Foley's Honey and Tar. It stops the racking cough and strengthens the lungs. If taken in time will prevent an attack of pneumonia. Refuse substitutes. Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

NO MATTER WHICH WAY YOUR EYES LOOK

They can be corrected so that they will do you good service. I make a specialty of fitting glasses and have the proper apparatus for doing it right. Eyes examined Free.



A. P. HIRZY,
East Side, near bridge.

T. A. TAYLOR. WM. SCOTT.

TAYLOR & SCOTT

Abstracts, Loans, INSURANCE and Real Estate.

Telephone No. 364.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.	A WISE MAN Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.
--	--

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

Department Stores

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

...We'll Have Nice Weather...

One of these days and then you will be sorry you did not invest in one of those nice spring suits like are only found at our store.

TAKE TIME

To step into our store for a few minutes and look over our new styles of Hart, Schaffner & Marx suits. They are acknowledged to be the finest clothes made in this country. It will certainly pay you to see them and get our prices before you decide what to wear this season.

HART, SCHAFFNER & MARX

FOUR-BUTTON SACK SUIT
Copyright, 1899
By Hart, Schaffner & Marx

GUARANTEED CLOTHING.

At House Cleaning Time

a woman is apt to be afflicted with a desire for something new in the carpet line. We have the goods you are looking for. Carpets at all prices, from the cheapest hemp to the best that is manufactured. There is no juggling of prices as the price tells the quality.

Baby Carriages. We do not know whether you need a baby carriage or not. If you do not we would not advise you to buy one, but if you do, come in and talk business with us. Going below cost in the drug department.

JOHNSON & HILL CO.
DEPARTMENT STORE.
WEST SIDE. GRAND RAPIDS.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. *E. W. Grove* on every box. 25c.

Cures Grip in Two Days.

Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, *E. W. Grove*

WANT COLUMN.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 5 cents per line; no ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade anything, try the want column.

BOARDERS WANTED.—Inquire of Mrs. C. W. Stevens two doors south of Commercial Hotel.

MONEY TO LOAN.—C. E. Boles.

MUSIC LESSONS.—Miss Edith Bruderli will give music lessons on piano or organ, three hours for \$1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

WANTED.—1000 pairs of shoes to fix during the week. G. Bruderli.

FOR SALE.—One large flat boat with oars one bone grinder, one hand seeder and one heater. Grant Babcock, West Side.

BOARDERS WANTED.—I am able to take gentlemen boarders. On same street and near the Catholic church. Ole Larson.

FRANK A. CADY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY
If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the MacKinnon Block on the West side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN, Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daly Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN, Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY, Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and MacKinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY, Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$20,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFE, Attorney at Law.

Office in MacKinnon block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

J. W. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

JOHN A. GAYNOR, Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

WHEELAN & ROURK, Law, Loans, Real Estate, Abstracts, Etc.

Office on the East Side over Cohen's Store.

DR. O. T. HOUGEN, Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daly's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 318, residence No. 102.

DR. W. D. HARVEY, Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 246. Office over Wood County Drug Store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 92. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE, Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 248. Office in rear of Stein's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS, Physician and Surgeon.

Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store telephone 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Office hours 9 to 11:30, 1 to 4 and 7 to 8:30.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE, Dentist.

Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. A. TELFER, Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY, Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD, Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Grand building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

SHORT LOCALS

—Get it at Otto's.

Miss Grace Huntington visited friends in Marshfield last week.

—Nothing but bank notes, gold and laughter. "A Millionaire Tramp."

F. MacKinnon returned on Saturday from a business trip to Milwaukee.

Lee Love left this morning for Merrill, where he has accepted a position.

Register of Deeds Upham was a business visitor in Wausau on Monday.

Arthur Sutor of Greeley, Colorado was the guest of A. B. Sutor on Monday.

Wm. Sprowl of Pittsville was a business visitor in the city on Tuesday.

Mrs. John Daly went to Merrill on Sunday to attend the funeral of a friend.

—It's tiresome to be rich; that is what "A Millionaire Tramp" says.

Henry Vachrean of Babcock was up on Tuesday evening to attend the Elks ball.

Richard Wiperman went to Madison Monday to spend a week among the law makers.

Undersheriff Wm. Shea made a trip to Park Falls the fore part of the week on business.

—Get it at Gtto's.

Frank Compton of New York is in the city, the guest of his sister, Mrs. W. T. Jones, and family.

Miss Roene Havenor was up from Madison to spend Sunday with her friends and relatives here.

Miss Harriet and Harry Whittlesey were up from Cranmoor Tuesday evening to attend the dance.

—If you need pasture for stock in Rudolph, plenty of water to be had, see Hugh Goggins, Grand Rapids.

At the examination for naval cadet held at Rhinelander recently, Arthur Leahy of Marshfield got first place.

—Wall paper, 25 per cent off at Church's.

The law office of Conway & Jeffrey is being greatly improved this week by the use of paper and paint.

Miss Jennie Reilly of Marshfield was in the city over Tuesday, being the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Muir.

—"A Millionaire Tramp." At the Grand Opera House Thursday evening, April 30th.

Mrs. Adior Clairmont departed on Monday for an extended visit with her mother and other relatives in Minneapolis.

Attorney D. D. Conway was at Wautoma on Monday to attend the session of the circuit court where he had business.

—Type writer and manifold paper at the Tribune office.

Hixon Meade of Marshfield was down on Tuesday evening to play the clarinet with our local orchestra at the Elks ball.

A. C. Boyles, who is now auditor for a Chicago lumber firm, was in the city last Friday, shaking hands with his numerous friends.

Miss Lydia Lessig has again signed to teach for the coming term in Marshfield, where she is one of the popular instructors.

—Get it at Otto's.

A. W. Rumsey, who has been on the road as advance agent for an Uncle Tom show, spent the past week in this city with his family.

Judge Charles M. Webb and Court Reporter Morse left on Monday morning for Wautoma where the circuit court opened that day.

—Go to Church for wall paper, 25 off.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Hinkins of Pittsville were in the city on Saturday the guests of Mrs. Hinkins' parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Bunge.

Mrs. John Brundage and children of Eureka, S. D., arrived in the city on Friday and are the guests of Mrs. J. Balderson and family.

—If you don't believe a rich man can be happy come and see "A Millionaire Tramp."

George W. Paulus went to Chilton on Saturday to spend a few days with his brother-in-law, who is still confined to his bed with sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Jones of Mazomanie arrived in the city last week and expect to make their home here, having gone to housekeeping on the west side.

Miss Caroline Kuntz, stenographer for Goggins & Brazeau, left on Saturday for Escanaba near which place she expects to spend a week visiting with friends.

—Get wall paper at Church's and save 25 per cent.

Joseph Bogoger went to Marshfield on Monday to attend the state convention of the Equitable and Fraternal Union, which was in session there two days.

Assemblyman Cady and Senator Wiperman came up from Madison to spend the Sabbath with their families in this city. They returned to their labors on Monday.

—Choice cigars at Barnes & Voyers

The Foreign Missionary society of the Congregational church will be entertained by Mrs. F. J. Wood and Mrs. A. L. Fontaine on Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. F. J. Wood.

Abc Kuntz, one of the pioneer settlers of the city of Marshfield and its first supervisor, died Saturday night after a short illness. He leaves a wife and several grown up children.

—Wall paper at 25 cent discount at Sam Church's.

Dr. Telfer has the foundation constructed for his new house which he is erecting on Oak street. He will have a very desirable location when things are fixed up in shipshape style.

120 acres of good farming lands for sale cheap. Inquire of F. Krueger at Johnson & Hill Co's, city.

Henry Pagel and August Stauff recently completed a house for William Annas. The building is 22x32 and being covered with iron to imitate brick, presents a very neat appearance.

Barnes & Voyers had the orchestra at their candy kitchen on Sunday afternoon, and a large number availed themselves of the opportunity to eat ice cream and listen to good music at the same time.

—½ off on 15, 20 and 25 cent wall papers at Daly's Drug store.

Misses Carrie Miller, Alice Nash and Rebekah Shapiro went to Marshfield on Friday afternoon to attend the Elks ball that evening. They report a very pleasant time and say that the dance was a marked success.

Rev. Shaw's subject next Sunday morning at First Congregational church will be "The Religion of Obedience." In the evening he will give the second lecture on "Religion in the Poetry of Robert Browning."

—Wall paper sale at Daly's drug store. 50 per cent discount.

Jeweler W. G. Scott went to Chicago last Wednesday on business, returning home yesterday. While in Chicago Mr. Scott took a day off and went to Elgin where he went through the watch factory, which has a world wide reputation.

Miss Myra Kruger of Cranmoor and Mrs. Ida Blaisdell of this city were the two lucky ones to draw a black button at the Heineman Mercantile Co's store during the past week and thereby get back the amount of their purchase.

BOARDERS WANTED.—At Miss M. McGuire's, w st side, near Episcopal church.

Sam Church received the sad intelligence on Sunday of the death of his father which had occurred at Iona, Ontario, the previous day. Owing to the fact that he was without an assistant Mr. Church could not attend the funeral.

—If you are looking for work in the line of painting, paperhanging and decorating, you should consult Laramie & Guthrie, two artists in their profession. They recently finished the painting in the Johnson & Hill company's department store.

The ladies of the Episcopal church hold a social session this afternoon at the home of Mrs. E. H. Voss as a sort of a farewell to Mrs. E. L. Kromer, Mrs. J. M. Sanderson and Mrs. Harry Sanderson, all of whom are members of the church and guild, and who are soon to leave.

—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

Guy T. Dutcher, who is traveling for a jewelry company, arrived in the city on Friday and is spending a week with his family in this city. Mr. Dutcher reports his health greatly improved since he got away from the confinement incident to sitting at the bench steadily all day.

—Get it at Otto's.

The Foresters and Catholic Knights have shifted to new quarters. Heretofore they have held their meetings in the hall in the Spafford block, but on the 30th of this month they remove to a hall in the Reiland block. It is probable that the new lodge of Eagles will take the Spafford hall.

—65 bicycles to select from at Daly's

T. J. Cooper has rented the downstairs portion of the building near the bridge used by G. W. Paulus as a real estate office. The location is very convenient to both sides of the river and the situation is most pleasant. The place is heated by steam and will make a very comfortable office.

Private advices received from Andrew Bissig, who has spent the past winter in Switzerland and other countries in Europe state that it was his intention to leave Altdorf on the 23d instant, Havre, France on the 25th, and barring accidents he would arrive in Grand Rapids about the 6th of May.

—An entirely new line of baby buggies and go-carts at Geo. W. Baker & Son's. Prices right.

A team belonging to Gus Witt ran away last Friday but was stopped before any great damage was done. Mr. Witt was coming up from the south side when his team took fright at the cars. The wagon and horses were hurt somewhat, but the damage was only nominal.

Vincent Stocker, one of the solid farmers of Altdorf was a pleasant caller at this office on Monday. Mr. Stocker informed us that Fred Schurer who went to the state of Washington a few months ago had returned and that hereafter Wisconsin would be good enough for him.

—"A Millionaire Tramp" wealth consists in the sole ownership of the richest vein of pure comedy that any theatrical prospector has struck in many moons.

The rink opera house at Stevens Point burned on Saturday morning, and was almost a total loss, there being only \$500 insurance on the building. The place was built for a roller rink in 1885 and is said to have cost \$10,000, it being one of the largest structures of the kind in this part of the state.

A fine new shoe polishing stand was delivered at "The Hotel Dixon" last week and altho the house is temporarily out of "biz," the polishing stand will be kept in active operation under the skilled manipulation of Andy Waser whose record as an expert cannot be excelled. The public is cordially invited to give the lad a call.

—Expert Bicycle repairing. Geo. F. Krueger & Co, west side.

Clerk of Court C. A. Podawiltz went to Marshfield on Monday to participate in the ceremonies which were indulged in by company A to commemorate the 5th anniversary of the day on which Marshfield's company went to the front to take part in the Spanish-American war. The company extended invitations to the veterans of the late war to assist in the ceremonies to which a number responded.

—For all kinds of carriage work, blacksmithing and repairing and farm wagons, call on J. F. Moore.

Charley Norton, who has been employed in the drug department of the Johnson & Hill company store for some time past left on Monday for Milwaukee where he will attend school and complete his education in the pharmacy line.

Private advices received from the Rev. Leopold Kroll, who is now located at Hoosick Falls, N. Y., state that a brand new baby boy arrived at the home of the family on the 14th instant, and mother and little one are doing nicely. His many friends here will be glad to hear that the reverend gentlemen is doing nicely in his new field of labor.

Sydney Denis, who has been attending the college of pharmacy in Chicago during the past two years, completed his labors last week and arrived in this city on Friday. Syd. has graduated from the institution and is now a full fledged pill mixer, but expects to spend a month here before accepting a position, several of which are open for him.

Fred Beell last week sent a challenge to the Chicago American to Wm. Watson for a wrestling match to take place next month in this city or Marshfield. The match to be for one hundred dollars a side. Wm. Watson is one of the cleverest men in the business and will be remembered as the backer and trainer of Edward Adamson, one of the very few men who ever bested Beell. Watson defeated Beell about a year ago in a hard fought match at Merrillan. He is a gripman in Chicago and weighs close to 190 lbs.

Photographer Oscar Morterud left on Monday for Milwaukee where he will attend the meeting of Wisconsin photographers which is held in that city on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday. At these conventions the picture makers are able to see the work of the best artists in the state and also see the many new things that are brought out each year in the way of mechanical devices and styles, which aids them greatly in their work and enables them to keep up with the times.

A Narrow Escape.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. James Larson in the town of Lincoln, was totally destroyed by fire early last Friday morning and the aged couple had a narrow escape from being burned to death while they slept. When Mr. Larson awoke about 2:30 o'clock all of the kitchen part was in flames which were communicating so rapidly to the main building that his hair and whiskers were singed in making his way down stairs. He awoke the other members of the household, his wife aged 72 years and granddaughter, aged 19 years.

Mr. Larson kept his savings of years, \$510, in a satchel and this he carried out of the house first and placed on the porch, which he considered a safe place in his excitement, and hurried back into the house for other valuables. After the fire the frame of the satchel was found beneath where the porch had stood and the money, with the exception of \$135 in gold was destroyed. Mr. and Mrs. Larson settled on their farm opposite the Ebbe school house 32 years ago, coming here direct from Denmark.—Marshfield News.

Makes A Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bunklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by John E. Daly.

Young Actor's Neat Answer.

Beerbohm Tree, the London actor, has rather a pompous manner, which is calculated to ruffle the temper of other people at times. An actor from the provinces called upon him recently, hoping to get an opportunity to show his worth on the metropolitan stage. Oh, I could not possibly give you a part," said the great manager, "but I dare say I could arrange to let you walk on with the crowd in the last act." The young aspirant flushed with indignation, but holding himself well in hand replied pleasantly: "My dear Mr. Tree. I really don't think I have heard anything quite so funny from you since your Hamlet."

\$11.45 To the Dakota's

May 5th and 12th, 1903, the above rate will apply from Grand Rapids to all points in South Dakota and North Dakota on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway. For information, ask nearest agent of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway, or write to F. A. Miller, general passenger agent, Chicago.

North Carolina's New Senator.

Lee S. Overman, the new senator from North Carolina, is 49 years old. He is a lawyer of ability, a native of Salisbury, and in 1874 graduated from Trinity college, North Carolina. He was private secretary to Gov. Vance and has been a member of the state house of representatives five times, having been speaker once. In 1895 he was the Democratic candidate to succeed Senator Vance. In 1900 he was the state Democratic presidential elector. He is of winning personality, of commanding presence and a skilled parliamentarian.

A Chattanooga Druggist's Statment

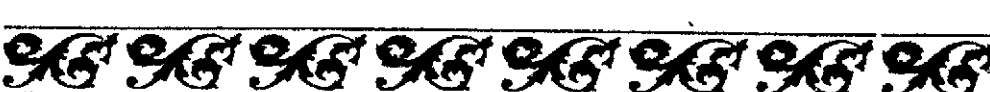
Robt. J. Miller, proprietor of the Read House Drug Store of Chattanooga, Tenn., writes: "There is more merit in Foley's Honey and Tar than in any other cough syrup. The calls for it multiply wonderfully and we sell more of it than all other cough cures combined." Sold by Johnson & Hill Co.

Building Lots for Sale.

—Forty building lots in first ward from 575 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot 80x120.

E. I. PIERCE.

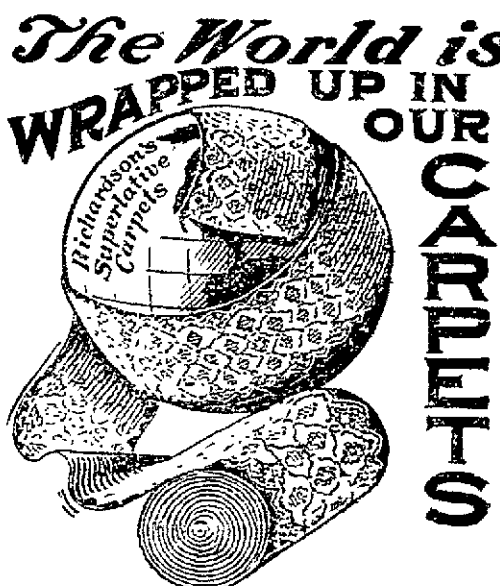
WATCH!



Next week's notice in this paper for the announcement of the

Greatest Bed Spread Sale ever held in Wood County.

But in the mean time do not forget that this is a good time of the year to buy CARPETS, and at Spafford's is a good place to buy them. We are showing a beautiful assortment at prices to please you. Give us a chance to prove this assertion. It will play you.



Spafford, Cole & Co.

Real Estate and Insurance.

Look up that Insurance policy of yours, it may expire before you know it. Renew it with us.

You are building a new house, let us write the insurance.

If you want a lot, dwelling or acreage, come and see us.

Whittlesey & Gilkey.

GO TO THE GROSS & LYONS CO

For your Groceries, Glassware, and Dry Goods.

We are prepared to furnish you anything in these lines at a low figure, and when you buy of us you may know that is FRESH.

THE GROSS & LYONS CO.

West Side, Grand Rapids.

Visit the New Wall Paper and Paint Store.

WALL PAPER.

You'll think you are in a fairy land, for awhile, they are so beautiful to look at. Practical wall decorations and prices cheaper than ever. Come in and be convinced. When you call bring along the size of the room you wish papered and I will give you figures very reasonable.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.

JAMES DALZIN,

Located two doors south of Tribune printing office, west side.

THE CAUSE OF THE GREENBAUM ASSIGNMENT

Telling How a Baby Solved a Great Problem
Copyright, 1922,
by Edmund Randolph

By EDMUND RANDOLPH

THERE didn't seem to be anything for respectable, law-abiding citizens to do but stand aside and let 'em shoot it out. If either had been a professional claim jumper or a "bad man" or one had been a tenderfoot, it would have been different.

But with Jack Walker and Ben Jones claiming the same ground we had no call to interfere. It would not have been neighborly and maybe not quite safe. They were both square men and good miners, who knew their rights and how to stand up for 'em. We were sorry enough, for good men were none too thick in Mercur, but it was their party, and we were not invited.

The trouble came about in this way: Their claims joined on the sides. Walker's was located back in the seventies, but he followed the placer boom into Idaho and only did his assessment work until shortly after Ben Jones located the ground to the west, when he came back and went to work in good earnest. He struck a splendid lead and after doing the necessary development applied for a patent. The official survey showed his claim bore more to the west than anybody supposed and at the south end extended some sixty feet over on the ground Jones was working and took in his shaft. Now, the shaft was down 200 feet or more, and had cost a lot of good money and hard work, and was in ore besides, but that wasn't by any means the worst. The apex of Jones' vein was in this little triangular piece of ground, and it was a strong vein and the only one he had yet found.

The apex of the vein is the point where it comes nearest the surface. When it is found on one's claim, the owner may follow the vein on its dip (which is its direction into the earth) between his end lines to the lower regions, if he wants to, and all the ore in it belongs to him. This may not strike you as quite fair, but is mining law nevertheless, as held by the courts, and miners often find their best workings under the surface ground of their neighbors.

To understand this trouble you ought to know how mining locations are made. A claim may be 1,500 feet long by 300 on each side of the discovery. When it is located, stakes or monuments are put up at the point of discovery and at each corner, showing its dimensions and direction, and a description of it, giving date of location and name of locator, is recorded with the district recorder, and it cannot thereafter be changed, and all subsequent locations are made with reference to it.

When you remember that miners are not surveyors, and measurements are made by stepping the ground, and the side of a mountain is not as level as a floor, and that courses are run by looking at the sun or north star, you will conclude that accuracy is next to impossible until an actual survey is made. Jones searched the records before he located and tied to the older claim, taking Walker's west line for his east. He found Walker's northwest corner stake all right and stepped 1,500 feet in a southwesterly direction, that being the direction the records showed the claim to run, but failed to find the southwest corner stake. So he went over to the southeast one, which was still standing, and stepped 300 feet westward at right angles to the other line, as nearly as he could guess it, to where he intercepted the other line. He called that point Walker's southwest corner and his northeast and put up a monument. You see how easy it is to make a mistake of a few feet, and you will also see, if you are as bright as you look, that it wouldn't be difficult—some pleasant evening after Jones had "struck it" in his shaft for Walker to move his southeast stake a little to the west and thus float his claim in that direction.

The whole thing depended on that stake. Walker's was the prior location, and if the stake hadn't been moved the ground was his, and if it had been it was a mighty hard thing to prove. That swinging stakes and floating a claim is killing business if you are caught, or was before courts and lawyers got so thick, but it is sometimes done nevertheless.

Jones knew the law and of course knew the vein went into his ground through the side line and that Walker could follow it if he got the apex and take all of his ore.

He had staked the ground himself, and had been honest and careful about it, and had spent all his money and two years of awfully hard work in the shaft. He was absolutely certain Walker had floated his claim and intended to steal the ground, and he didn't propose to let it go that way. To go to court meant big money for lawyers, surveyors and experts, and he didn't have any money to throw away. Besides, courts were slow, and he would be enjoined from taking out ore until the case was decided, and then the chances were about even it would be decided wrong anyway. The ground was his. He had located and developed it and wasn't going to be beaten out of it. So the night after the survey he quietly moved his tent down near the shaft, went to town and got Winchester for himself and his two miners, pulled up the surveyor's stakes and an-

nounced that he would hold the property. Of course he had no business to do that. What he ought to have done was to file a contest in the land office and protest Walker's patent, then commence suit in the district court to determine the title, and that is just what a claim jumper or blackmailer would have done, in the hope of being bought off. But Jones was only a common miner who didn't know much about the technicalities of the law, but did know there was virtue in a good gun in a righteous cause.

John Walker, although older, was by nature a good deal such a man as Jones. Absolutely honest and fearless, he thought he could come nearer guessing what was right between man and man than the courts and when he had guessed didn't need any officer to make or help him do what ought to be done. He was as much surprised as anybody when the survey showed his lines took in some of Ben's ground and his shaft. He was glad of it, because if the vein turned and came back into his ground he wouldn't lose his ore. But he didn't want Ben's shaft or the ore under his surface and was going over to tell him so when he learned that the young miner accused him of swinging lines and proposed to hold the ground with a gun. That put a different face on the matter. It wouldn't do to let the hot headed fool defy the law in that way. Besides, since he was so free with his accusations it was no two to one he hadn't himself pulled the stake and located on purpose to make a conflict and be bought off. Then, again, the affidavit of possession could not be made and the patent procured while Jones held the ground. So the next day he rode over to Ophir to get Bill Bliss and his brother to go with him up to the property and see who owned it. He had done them many a good turn and knew they would stay with him. They were miners and not regular fighting men, but he didn't want toughs who would fight for either side for \$25 a day. He was a respectable man himself and looked up to by all the miners and feared by the outlaws, and he wanted things done as they should be. He paid up his little bills and arranged business matters the best he could and made a will, so if it turned out that he didn't own that little strip his affairs would be in as good shape as possible. This may look like a reckless and lawless piece of business to the average reader, and it was, but it didn't strike the miners and gamblers of Mercur so, and every man in camp knew that either Walker or Jones or both would be dead on the disputed ground within the next twenty-four hours, and nobody thought of trying to stop them.

Walker was hardly over the divide when the Salt Lake stage drew up at the cabin and unloaded his wife and three children. It had been their intention all along to come out for the hot weather, but not for three or four

through the sagebrush in that vicinity, but saw no sign of the runaway. When she rushed back out of breath and said she could not find him, there was a commotion in that two room cabin. The mother and Edna joined in the search, and the neighbor women helped. They knew he couldn't have gone far, but it was getting late, and Jack wanted to be home and cleaned up when papa got back. After half an hour or so it began to look serious. She was a stranger and didn't want to make trouble, but the child must be found before night. She let a neighbor boy run down to the postoffice and tell the men. Within an hour the camp was a deserted place. Every miner off shift, every gambler, saloon keeper, storekeeper and all the women and children were on the hills looking for the lost boy. The pure thin air of the mountains does not perceptibly improve the morals, but it does seem to expand the heart.

Ben Jones knew what it meant when he declared war. If there had been a drop of coward blood in him, he wouldn't have done it. John Walker was no desperado, but was an old westerner and knew what a gun was for and always backed his opinions. In the two years they had worked adjoining mines Ben had never seen a move that wasn't absolutely square, and everybody said there was not a yellow streak in him, but this was a clear case of steal. He reckoned the temptation was too strong for the old man. He had swung his southwest stake, fixed the surveyor and thought he stood to win in the courts and probably did. To go to court was to play into his hands, but this case wasn't going to court. The ground was his by every rule of right, and he would keep it or be carried off with his boots on, law or no law. So he barricaded the tent, and either he or one of the miners was always on guard with a Winchester across his lap.

He was on watch and half dozing before the fire, which tastes good in this altitude at night, even in summer, when he heard a little noise about an abandoned incline a little way up the hill. With his gun at cock he stepped quietly up there and was horrified to hear a baby voice come up from the hole, "Papa, I've failed; come get Jack, papa," followed by sobs. There was a little child in the incline; that was clear. It was a mystery how it came there and a miracle how it had lodged, but it was there and alive. He called down: "Keep still, my boy. I'll come and take you to papa. Don't move till I come; that's a good boy." And without a moment's hesitation he walked down the shelving, sliding floor and was back on the surface quicker than I am telling it, sitting on a bowlder to get the tremble out of his knees and wiping the cold perspiration from his face, but with his treasure trove safe on his arm.

It wasn't much of a trick, was it? You could have done it and without getting nervous either—that is, if you knew nothing about the incline and had thought, as you naturally would, that the boy was on the bottom. But if you had known what I do and what Ben Jones did and then had done it there isn't a miner in the whole of Floyd district who wouldn't be proud to drink with you. We miners are not very alarmingly good, but we do like nerve. Ben dug the incline and knew that for some eighteen feet it went into the ground at an angle of about thirty degrees and then took a fall of fully sixty degrees to the bottom of the shaft, more than 100 feet away. To take that frightful fall and roll down the jagged wall was to be torn into ten thousand pieces. Jones wouldn't have gone to where the boy lodged without a rope attached to him and two strong men at the other end for all the wealth of Mercur, and yet within thirty seconds of hearing that plaintive call he was there.

He was soon all right and asking the little fellow how he got there. "I des walked, and I falled down hard," was the calm reply. "Tze awful hungry. I want somethin'." Jack tired. Jones took him to the tent, struck a light, got some bread and butter and a little milk they had brought up from camp as a surprise for their morning coffee, and the three miners—the men were awakened by the disturbance—proceeded to interview the intruder and learn how he came up there on the mountain at midnight, more than two miles from the camp and at least a mile from any other cabin. He was entirely contented, sitting on Jones' knee munching bread and butter, but could give little information about himself. His name was Jack, and his other name was "Buster" when papa was home. "Papa" was his father and "mamma" was his mother. He lived with "papa, mamma and Tatle and Edna." The little fellow was communicative enough and disposed to be good company, but they couldn't even guess to whom he belonged. Soon he looked into the young miner's face and asked: "Who is ou? What ou name?" Jones answered promptly: "I'm Uncle Ben. Call me Uncle Ben, Jack." "All ite," with a yawn. "Uncle Ben, Jack seepy," and almost as he said it he was sound asleep.

Jones rather liked to hold him and did while he said to the men: "Boys, I haven't the least idea where this monkey came from. I know every kid in the camp, and he doesn't belong there. I don't know anybody in the hills that owns him. I wish he were mine. Isn't he a dandy? But he belongs to somebody, and whoever it is must be about wild by this time. We've got to look them up and let them know he's safe. You go down to Mercur, Bob, and if any new people have come in the last day or two and lost a boy everybody'll know it probably. Jake, you go over Lyon hill way. Go by and wake the Kelly people up. They may know something. He can't have come so very far. His shoes are not quite worn out. It won't do to wait till morning. His mother would go crazy. Cut out now,

With his gun at cock he stepped quietly weeks yet. But the owner of their cottage sold it to some one who wanted to move in at once. Mrs. Walker knew the father would be glad enough to see them at any time, so stored the things not needed at the camp, sent the others out by freight wagons and loaded herself and children into the stage and came on. Nobody told her about her husband's trouble or why he went to Ophir. She and the girls gayly took possession and proceeded to clean up the cabin and have a woman cook supper for its grizzled old owner when he got back. They were so taken up with their work and with speculating on where best to hide to see papa's surprised face when he came in that they forgot all about little Jack for as much as five minutes. When mamma looked up and asked Katie where Jack was, she answered, "Just out in front picking mountain flowers." Her mother suggested she had better look after him a little or he might wander away. Katie looked, but there was no trace in sight. She went around the cabin and then extended the search and was soon chasing wildly

through the sagebrush in that vicinity, but saw no sign of the runaway. When she rushed back out of breath and said she could not find him, there was a commotion in that two room cabin. The mother and Edna joined in the search, and the neighbor women helped. They knew he couldn't have gone far, but it was getting late, and Jack wanted to be home and cleaned up when papa got back. After half an hour or so it began to look serious. She was a stranger and didn't want to make trouble, but the child must be found before night. She let a neighbor boy run down to the postoffice and tell the men. Within an hour the camp was a deserted place. Every miner off shift, every gambler, saloon keeper, storekeeper and all the women and children were on the hills looking for the lost boy. The pure thin air of the mountains does not perceptibly improve the morals, but it does seem to expand the heart.

Ben Jones knew what it meant when he declared war. If there had been a drop of coward blood in him, he wouldn't have done it. John Walker was no desperado, but was an old westerner and knew what a gun was for and always backed his opinions. In the two years they had worked adjoining mines Ben had never seen a move that wasn't absolutely square, and everybody said there was not a yellow streak in him, but this was a clear case of steal. He reckoned the temptation was too strong for the old man. He had swung his southwest stake, fixed the surveyor and thought he stood to win in the courts and probably did. To go to court was to play into his hands, but this case wasn't going to court. The ground was his by every rule of right, and he would keep it or be carried off with his boots on, law or no law. So he barricaded the tent, and either he or one of the miners was always on guard with a Winchester across his lap.

He was on watch and half dozing before the fire, which tastes good in this altitude at night, even in summer, when he heard a little noise about an abandoned incline a little way up the hill. With his gun at cock he stepped quietly up there and was horrified to hear a baby voice come up from the hole, "Papa, I've failed; come get Jack, papa," followed by sobs. There was a little child in the incline; that was clear. It was a mystery how it came there and a miracle how it had lodged, but it was there and alive. He called down: "Keep still, my boy. I'll come and take you to papa. Don't move till I come; that's a good boy." And without a moment's hesitation he walked down the shelving, sliding floor and was back on the surface quicker than I am telling it, sitting on a bowlder to get the tremble out of his knees and wiping the cold perspiration from his face, but with his treasure trove safe on his arm.

It wasn't much of a trick, was it? You could have done it and without getting nervous either—that is, if you knew nothing about the incline and had thought, as you naturally would, that the boy was on the bottom. But if you had known what I do and what Ben Jones did and then had done it there isn't a miner in the whole of Floyd district who wouldn't be proud to drink with you. We miners are not very alarmingly good, but we do like nerve. Ben dug the incline and knew that for some eighteen feet it went into the ground at an angle of about thirty degrees and then took a fall of fully sixty degrees to the bottom of the shaft, more than 100 feet away. To take that frightful fall and roll down the jagged wall was to be torn into ten thousand pieces. Jones wouldn't have gone to where the boy lodged without a rope attached to him and two strong men at the other end for all the wealth of Mercur, and yet within thirty seconds of hearing that plaintive call he was there.

He was soon all right and asking the little fellow how he got there. "I des walked, and I falled down hard," was the calm reply. "Tze awful hungry. I want somethin'." Jack tired. Jones took him to the tent, struck a light, got some bread and butter and a little milk they had brought up from camp as a surprise for their morning coffee, and the three miners—the men were awakened by the disturbance—proceeded to interview the intruder and learn how he came up there on the mountain at midnight, more than two miles from the camp and at least a mile from any other cabin. He was entirely contented, sitting on Jones' knee munching bread and butter, but could give little information about himself. His name was Jack, and his other name was "Buster" when papa was home. "Papa" was his father and "mamma" was his mother. He lived with "papa, mamma and Tatle and Edna." The little fellow was communicative enough and disposed to be good company, but they couldn't even guess to whom he belonged. Soon he looked into the young miner's face and asked: "Who is ou? What ou name?" Jones answered promptly: "I'm Uncle Ben. Call me Uncle Ben, Jack." "All ite," with a yawn. "Uncle Ben, Jack seepy," and almost as he said it he was sound asleep.

Jones rather liked to hold him and did while he said to the men: "Boys, I haven't the least idea where this monkey came from. I know every kid in the camp, and he doesn't belong there. I don't know anybody in the hills that owns him. I wish he were mine. Isn't he a dandy? But he belongs to somebody, and whoever it is must be about wild by this time. We've got to look them up and let them know he's safe. You go down to Mercur, Bob, and if any new people have come in the last day or two and lost a boy everybody'll know it probably. Jake, you go over Lyon hill way. Go by and wake the Kelly people up. They may know something. He can't have come so very far. His shoes are not quite worn out. It won't do to wait till morning. His mother would go crazy. Cut out now,

With his gun at cock he stepped quietly weeks yet. But the owner of their cottage sold it to some one who wanted to move in at once. Mrs. Walker knew the father would be glad enough to see them at any time, so stored the things not needed at the camp, sent the others out by freight wagons and loaded herself and children into the stage and came on. Nobody told her about her husband's trouble or why he went to Ophir. She and the girls gayly took possession and proceeded to clean up the cabin and have a woman cook supper for its grizzled old owner when he got back. They were so taken up with their work and with speculating on where best to hide to see papa's surprised face when he came in that they forgot all about little Jack for as much as five minutes. When mamma looked up and asked Katie where Jack was, she answered, "Just out in front picking mountain flowers." Her mother suggested she had better look after him a little or he might wander away. Katie looked, but there was no trace in sight. She went around the cabin and then extended the search and was soon chasing wildly

through the sagebrush in that vicinity, but saw no sign of the runaway. When she rushed back out of breath and said she could not find him, there was a commotion in that two room cabin. The mother and Edna joined in the search, and the neighbor women helped. They knew he couldn't have gone far, but it was getting late, and Jack wanted to be home and cleaned up when papa got back. After half an hour or so it began to look serious. She was a stranger and didn't want to make trouble, but the child must be found before night. She let a neighbor boy run down to the postoffice and tell the men. Within an hour the camp was a deserted place. Every miner off shift, every gambler, saloon keeper, storekeeper and all the women and children were on the hills looking for the lost boy. The pure thin air of the mountains does not perceptibly improve the morals, but it does seem to expand the heart.

Ben Jones knew what it meant when he declared war. If there had been a drop of coward blood in him, he wouldn't have done it. John Walker was no desperado, but was an old westerner and knew what a gun was for and always backed his opinions. In the two years they had worked adjoining mines Ben had never seen a move that wasn't absolutely square, and everybody said there was not a yellow streak in him, but this was a clear case of steal. He reckoned the temptation was too strong for the old man. He had swung his southwest stake, fixed the surveyor and thought he stood to win in the courts and probably did. To go to court was to play into his hands, but this case wasn't going to court. The ground was his by every rule of right, and he would keep it or be carried off with his boots on, law or no law. So he barricaded the tent, and either he or one of the miners was always on guard with a Winchester across his lap.

He was on watch and half dozing before the fire, which tastes good in this altitude at night, even in summer, when he heard a little noise about an abandoned incline a little way up the hill. With his gun at cock he stepped quietly up there and was horrified to hear a baby voice come up from the hole, "Papa, I've failed; come get Jack, papa," followed by sobs. There was a little child in the incline; that was clear. It was a mystery how it came there and a miracle how it had lodged, but it was there and alive. He called down: "Keep still, my boy. I'll come and take you to papa. Don't move till I come; that's a good boy." And without a moment's hesitation he walked down the shelving, sliding floor and was back on the surface quicker than I am telling it, sitting on a bowlder to get the tremble out of his knees and wiping the cold perspiration from his face, but with his treasure trove safe on his arm.

fellows. You'll soon get on the track. I'll look after the little chap all right, and if Walker and his gang show up I guess I can stand 'em off till you get back. You'll find some one that knows him."

As they started he called out. "Tell his mother he is safe as a church and sleeping like a kitten." Jones hardly moved for an hour or more. Then, thinking his charge might suffer from cold, he was taken into the cabin and covered up snug and warm in one of the bunks.

Walker arranged with the Bliss boys to come over early in the morning and got back to Mercur just before dark. He pushed open the cabin door, but hadn't time to be surprised at the improved appearance when his wife threw herself sobbing into his arms and wailed: "Oh, John, our little Jack is lost!" "Lost! What do you mean, Minnie?" "Jack is gone," she answered. "We came down on the stage this afternoon. The girls and I were fixing up the cabin, and Jack was out in front. He wasn't out of our sight five minutes, but when we looked he was gone, and we can't find him anywhere. Oh, our baby's lost! He'll get killed; I know he will." And she commenced sobbing again.

Walker pulled himself together and got the details about when he was last seen and where, and what had been done, and then said: "You lie down, Minnie, and rest. I'll find him. He couldn't go far, such a little chap." She and the women who had brought her in and forced her to take a rest told how the whole camp was out and every foot of ground and every prospect hole for a mile had been examined. Mrs. Walker was sure he had fallen down some shaft and been killed, but her husband poo-pooed the idea and said it was all nonsense. Jack simply wandered around until he got



tired and then went to sleep under a sagebrush and had been overlooked. There wasn't the least danger in the world, and his wife was foolish to worry so about it. He knew better, but it wouldn't do any good to tell her the ground was covered with abandoned shafts from ten to 200 feet deep, into which the little feet might stray.

He didn't want any supper and, without seeing the girls, who were still out, took a canteen of water and went to find his boy. From that time till morning the scattered searchers on the hill and the prospector in his cabin heard every three or four minutes the big voice, now near, now far away, now hopeful, now almost a wail, but always loud and clear: "Jack, papa is looking for you." "Jack, answer papa." "Stay where you are." "Jackie, call to papa." Soon everybody caught the idea. Calls were heard all over the hills, but the loudest and most constant, the one that never rested, was the cry: "Papa's looking for his little boy. Call to papa, Jack." After daylight, just as the sun was glistening the snow capped peaks to the west and transforming each rock and sagebrush on the hills into a thing of beauty, while the canyons and the valley to the south were still in shadow, Walker, hatless and bleeding from many a fall, but as tireless as ever, found himself facing a wall tent that he didn't recognize, but somewhere near his claim, as he reckoned it. He walked toward it, and as he did so Ben Jones stepped from behind, with a cocked rifle at his shoulder, and called out: "Stop there, John Walker! You are trespassing on my ground."

Without slacking, Walker answered: "I don't care whose ground I'm on. I'm looking for my boy. Have you seen a little boy up this way?" Jones lowered his gun. "Is he yours, Walker?" "Yes; my little three-year-old boy's lost. Have you seen anything of him?" Without a word the young miner took the other by the shoulder and pushed him into the tent. A glance showed the child, still sound asleep, with one chubby hand under the tangled curls. With a cry of "Jack, my little Jack!" the father had his baby in his arms, and there were two big miners crying like women.

Little Jack was as demonstrative as anybody when he got his eyes open and found who had him. When he got control of himself, Walker asked Jones where he found him. As the young man explained the father held his boy closer. "How did you get him out, Jones?" "Went down and brought him up. He lodged just above the jump off." "Who helped you, Ben?" "Nobody. I couldn't wait to go and wake up a couple of sleepy heads 200 feet away when he was likely to slide off any second, could I?" "Did you go down that incline and

bring my boy up without any rope on you, Ben?" "What could I do?" was the answer. "You know the incline. I could tell he was only a baby, and if he moved he was gone." "Yes, I know the incline. He was gone if he moved," said Walker, almost under his breath.

"Well," proceeded Jones, "you wouldn't have sat down and waited for a rope, now, would you? It ain't so awful dangerous." Walker didn't speak or look at Jones, but somehow got hold of his hand and if it hadn't been a big and hard one I am afraid would have crushed it. Jones didn't mind, but said apologetically, "I didn't know he was your kid, Mr. Walker."

"I don't care if you didn't," broke out Walker fiercely. "You knew he was somebody's. You can't lie to me, Ben Jones. You know mighty well how dangerous it was. I tell you, it takes a man to walk into death's door." He jumped from his seat and with the boy hugged to his breast walked excitedly across the cabin half a dozen times and tried hard to keep from blubbering. As he sat down he said: "The ground's yours, Ben."

"Right you are," said Jones promptly, glad to get on a subject where he could defend himself, "and you can't give it to me. I'll hold it against you."

"No, you won't, Ben. You don't get any fight out of me. The ground's yours, I tell you." Little Jack was quiet until his father raised his voice, when he broke in, "What you scold Uncle Ben for, papa?" "What is that, Jack?" asked his father.

"Him my Uncle Ben, papa. You shan't scold my Uncle Ben." And the little man put his hand protectingly on "Uncle Ben's" big fist.

It was covered instantly, and Jones resumed: "I reckon the courts would give you the ground, Mr. Walker. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll let the kid have it. He won't apex me. Will you, Jack?" Jack didn't know much about the apex question, but did know he was Uncle Ben's friend and to show it climbed over into his lap.

"No; Jack won't apex you, and nobody else will. You'll keep the apex, and if the vein turns back under my lines I hope you won't apex me," said the boy's father. "But this won't do. I must let Minnie and the girls know Jack's safe. I'll see you later, my boy."

"Wait a moment, Mr. Walker," interposed Jones. "They know he is all right. I sent Bob down. Let's settle this business. I'm tired standing guard. I'll march you for the ground."

"Good enough, my lad," replied Walker jovially. "Heads you win; tails I lose."

"No, but honest, now," said Jones. "Well, heads I lose; tails you win. That is the only way I'll march."

"Oh, give me a show, now, Mr. Walker."

"Show," said Walker. "Come with me and see the women folks, and they will give you a whole circus."

"But, seriously, Mr. Walker, let's settle it on some kind of a basis. What do you say to leaving it to some one in the camp?"

"That's fair," was the quick reply. "Leave it to my wife, but she doesn't go with the ground; understand that." Then, noticing Jones' disappointed look, he put his hand on the young miner's shoulder, and the tears stood in his eyes as he said: "Ben, I am trying awfully hard to hold myself together. Now, don't be too hard on me. Don't say any more about that little half acre of dirt; that's a good boy. I couldn't take it from you now, could I?"

"But you don't give me a square deal, Mr. Walker. The ground matter stands just as it did yesterday. My helping out the baby cuts no figure." Then his face lit up with a new idea. "I'll make you one more proposition, and if you don't take that I'll quit you. Let's consolidate."

Walker looked into the frank face of the young miner a moment and saw how earnestly anxious he was about it and, extending his hand, said: "All right, my boy. Consolidate it is."

That's how the great Minnie Walker came into existence and is what caused Abe Greenbaum to make an assignment to his brother-in-law.

The enterprising little furniture dealer had wired to Salt Lake for two splendid, extra size, silver mounted codlins. They arrived all right, but are still in stock.

Warner's Elusive Humor.

Presumably it was because his literary gift had been long taken in the measure of those acquainted with it that the event of its larger public discovery—rather by accident, as it seemed—was little impressed on his friends as marking anything in the nature of a turning point in his career. To them he was nothing new, nothing different from what he had been. The humor which to the world of book readers was now a fresh delicacy was to their taste familiar. Hardly ever had there been an editorial of his and never a letter without some delectable touch or tincture of it. But it was always, from first to last, a more observable feature of his speech than of his writing. No where else did it come so fully out as in his common talk. To such a degree, as there expressed, was his savor contributed by look, air, tone, that not much of an idea of it can be given in words. One can think, but cannot tell, how it sounded. Thus the force and flavor of what I once heard him reply to an outburst against a spell of bad weather—"Respecting weather, I have always noted that there is nothing besides about which so much is said and so little done"—mostly fail to be reproduced in the verbal report of it. And this was true of a thousand pithy, shrewd, happy sayings of Charles Dudley Warner.—Joseph H. Twichell in Century.

A Card.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent Bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25 cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
J. E. DAILY.
JOHNSON & HILL Co.

CITY MEAT MARKET!

Fresh, Salt and Smoked MEATS.

All kinds of Fish, Poultry and Sausages. Cash paid for Hides and Pelts. Prompt delivery of orders, wholesale and retail.

N. REILAND,
TEL. 275. EAST SIDE.
GRAND RAPIDS, WIS

I POST AND...

DISTRIBUTE BILLS

Also handle Milwaukee Sentinel and Journal, Chicago American, Record Herald, Tribune, Chronicle, and Inter Ocean.

East Side Depot Barnes & Voyer, West Side Depot Otto's Pharmacy

HENRY CARLSON.

Have You Property ...For Sale...

If you wish to sell any of your property, houses, lots, etc., be sure and....

LIST IT WITH ME

We have many inquiries and will be pleased to shop your property to prospective buyers. Terms reasonable.

G. W. Paulus
REAL ESTATE DEALER,
Grand Rapids, - Wisconsin.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE
PATENTS
TRADE MARKS
DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.
Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion from whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. HANDBOOK on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the
Scientific American.
A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms: \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.
MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

WATCH REPAIRING.

Take your sick watches and clocks to W. G. Scott and he will make them well. All kinds of repairing and engraving done in a first-class manner.

You will also find an elegant stock of jewelry, silverware and cut glass to select from at his place. Prices are right.

W. G. SCOTT
The West Side Jeweler

Bowser on Dignity

He Is Certain His Is the Variety That Compels Respect

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

MR. BOWSER had been reading his evening paper for half an hour when he suddenly looked up with the remark:

"It was all the man's fault. He ought to have had more dignity."

"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

"A citizen of Chicago was walking on the street when the boys began snowballing him. He lost his temper, and while trying to overtake one of the boys he fell down and broke his leg."

"The boys were very rude. One here on our street hit me with a snowball the other day."

"Then it was your own fault."

"How?"

"If you had maintained a proper dignity, no boy on earth would have dared snowball you. I've been a boy, and I know how it is."

"I didn't suppose dignity had anything to do with it," said Mrs. Bowser after a silence.

"I presume not, but let me tell you it has everything. If that Chicago man had had any dignity about him, not a



HE GOT DOWN ON HANDS AND KNEES TO SHOO HER OFF.

boy would have dared to more than look at him. Have I ever been brought home with a broken leg?"

"But you've been snowballed."

"Never—that is, not since I had any dignity. It's all in the way a man bears himself. Two years ago, when there was a street car strike, didn't I

run a mob without a single brickbat being thrown at me? How did I do it? I was calm. I was unperturbed. I was dignified. I was master of the situation."

"But you came home without a hat and with your clothes all covered with mud."

"But why? It was because the drunken driver of an infernal ash cart

Bowser's eyes, and she had to laugh in spite of herself.

"Have I said anything funny?" he sarcastically asked.

"Yes, rather. If you should happen to fall down some time"—

"But I shan't."

"Or if some bad boy shouldn't be awed by your dignity and he should throw a"—

"But he never will. That's you all over. I can never make a statement that you are not ready to dispute. Very well, we'll put this thing to test. I've got to go around to the drugstore. There are a hundred boys on the street, but if a single snowball is thrown at me I'll buy you a dozen handkerchiefs. If I slip down, I'll make it two dozen."

Five minutes later Mr. Bowser, with his silk hat on and his cane under his arm, was pacing along the street with the air of a Roman senator. He had taken about seven stage strides from the gate when the United States jumped at him, and his heels flew into the air. He wasn't over ten seconds finding the sidewalk with all his body, but the time seemed to him to be an hour and a half. His hat flew one way and his cane the other, and two servant girls who were passing leaned up against the fence and snorted and giggled and said it was better than vaudeville.

Mr. Bowser got up. They generally do. He looked all around. Most men do that. Then he gathered up his cane and hat and told those giggling girls to giggle and be hanged to them and passed on. It took him two minutes to get into his dignified stride again and make up his mind that it was Mrs. Bowser's fault, and he arrived at the drugstore without further adventure. The snow on his back and the dent in his hat gave him away at once, and the druggist laughingly observed:

"Hello, Bowser! Been sitting down on the sidewalk to rest?"

"Sir, are you addressing me?" was the stern reply.

"Why, yes, I was speaking to you. Had a fall, haven't you?"

"Sir, I never fall. If you are through asking foolish questions, you can now hand me out a box of Chloride of Lime."

The druggist had no more to say, and, with his purchase in his overcoat pocket, Mr. Bowser headed for home. The boys had spotted him and been making ready. They had observed that silk hat and cane and Roman stride, but they had not been awed a little bit. They gave him time to get into a gait, and then the signal was given, and a hundred snowballs flew at once. Of the hundred only ninety-eight struck Mr. Bowser, but there were others to follow.

It was such a surprise that he was stunned for a moment. Then, like the Chicago man, he forgot his dignity and rushed about bareheaded with uplifted cane. His downfall came a minute

later. The same old United States, with a part of Canada added this time, jumped in on him again, and the circus performance he went through with was declared to be the best thing ever given in the cause of charity.

As he lay there the snowballs continued to come and the boys to yell, and it was not until a policeman came along that the youths of the country fled away in search of a new victim.

Mrs. Bowser, sitting with her book, heard the front door softly open, and she stepped into the hall to find a human wreck. The wreck glared at her out of two swelling and tearful eyes and then got a move on its legs and began to climb the stairs.

"Has anything happened?" she asked.

No reply from the wreck.

"Did the boys snowball you, or did you fall down?"

The wreck halted, straightened up and got its dignity, and, turning to look down on her as a king regards a peasant, it slowly and firmly replied:

"Woman, you go to Texas!"

Mrs. Bowser returned to her book, and the cat gurgled and gasped till tears came to her eyes and she had to stretch out on the rug. M. QUAD.

Whooping the Whoop.

"I'm so sorry they can't go," said the wife of a distinguished actor manager to a friend who had invited her children to tea, "but I've been crying the whoop."—London Daily News.

It was the cat again, and, seeing Mr. Bowser glaring at her, she fled under the lounge. He got down on hands and knees to shoo her out, but suddenly remembered his dignity and got up again to say:

"One often sees a man fall down on an icy spot, but one never laughs if the victim has his dignity about him."

"Haven't you ever been laughed at?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"I have never fallen, but if I had there would have been no merriment at my expense."

A picture of Mr. Bowser slipping and sliding and clawing the air and coming down with a bump rose up before Mrs.

knocked me down, not knowing whether I was a hitching post or a man. I'll bet dollars to cents I can pass a thousand boys and not one of them will dare take liberties with me. What in blazes is that old cat choking on now? Have you been feeding her fishbones again?"

The cat was sitting up in the chimney corner and wheezing and gurgling. Mrs. Bowser knew that she was having a cat laugh all by herself and probably at Mr. Bowser's remarks, but it wasn't good policy to say so. He picked up the paper and read for another ten minutes, but his mind was on that Chicago man, and he harked back by saying:

"Yes, it served him just right, and I don't blame the boys a bit. By George, but—"

It was the cat again, and, seeing Mr. Bowser glaring at her, she fled under the lounge. He got down on hands and knees to shoo her out, but suddenly remembered his dignity and got up again to say:

"One often sees a man fall down on an icy spot, but one never laughs if the victim has his dignity about him."

"Haven't you ever been laughed at?" queried Mrs. Bowser.

"I have never fallen, but if I had there would have been no merriment at my expense."

A picture of Mr. Bowser slipping and sliding and clawing the air and coming down with a bump rose up before Mrs.

CHAMP CLARK STORIES

Administration of the Judicial Function.

Mankind Is Honored by a Just Judge.

Wisdom of Tempering Justice With Mercy—Statesmen Who by Their Works Have Raised Enduring Monuments to Themselves—Why the Name of Jefferson Should Be Perpetuated—Naming Children For Living Men.

[Copyright, 1902, by Champ Clark.]

A just judge is an honor to the human race. An unjust judge is a scourge to his kind. Of all the Englishmen that ever lived with whose names history concerns herself Jefferson, the wicked and brutal judge, is the most thoroughly detested.

Justice tempered with mercy is the ideal administration of the judicial function. It appeals to the heart.

Judge Rogers of the United States court for the western district of Arkansas served in congress many years, where he built up a splendid reputation as a statesman, patriot and filibuster. Indeed, he fairly rivaled

"Buck" Kilgore of Texas in fertility of resources and in audacity of execution when it came to harassing Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed with filibustering tactics. It is rather a striking coincidence that those two brilliant and dashing parliamentary guerrilla chieftains should graduate out of congress on to the federal bench, but such is the truth of history. His honor Constantine Buckley Kilgore is in his grave. Let us hope that "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well." Judge Rogers has not only had a flourishing city named for him—an everlasting monument—but, in prize ring parlance, he appears to be in "the pink of condition," both mentally and physically.

Humane Act of a Judge.

Not long since while lecturing at the Fort Smith Chautauqua I noticed in a local paper the following anecdote, which deserves the widest circulation:

"Yesterday Judge Rogers added another act to the register of his humanity, and, while such things with him are common, his last concession has excited more than ordinary favorable comment."

"While holding court in Texarkana he sentenced like Williams to the jail here for 30 days and imposed a fine of \$100. Yesterday Colonel Du Val was handed a letter received by Williams from his brother saying that one of his little ones was at the point of death. Colonel Du Val brought the matter to the attention of Judge Rogers, who held a short consultation with District Attorney Barnes, after which Williams was released unconditionally that he might go to the bed of his sick child."

"It was an act of humanity for which Judge Rogers deserves great credit," was the comment of Colonel Du Val as he related the story."

One of the most pleasant recollections of my long career as a prosecuting officer is that while I convicted 70 persons of felonies and nearly a thousand of misdemeanors I let off with a fine or jail sentence 26 young men charged with their first offense whom I could have sent to the penitentiary. Twenty-five of them are useful citizens. The twenty-sixth was incorrigible, and my successor in office sent him to state prison.

Enduring Monuments to Statesmen.

One of the finest and best known poems of Horace begins with the famous line

Ever monumentum are perennius, which being freely translated means, "I have reared for myself a monument more lasting than brass." His proud boast was true. He rendered his name immortal. Marble and bronze will perish at last. The most enduring monument a man can have in this country perhaps is to have a county or city or town named for him. Men may come and men may go, but these go on forever, as a rule increasing in importance with the lapse of years. We are much given to fixing the names of popular favorites upon counties, towns, townships and schoolhouses. Only one American worthy, Washington, has a state named for him. There was once an ephemeral state of Franklin where Tennessee now is. Unless it is literally true that republics are ungrateful, the state which is to be made one day out of the Indian Territory will be called Jefferson. He certainly deserves such a monument, and this is the last chance to give it to him, as the Indian Territory is the only remnant of the magnificent domain which he added to the Union and which made us a veritable world power. The poet says of Jefferson and the Louisiana territory:

His name is written on the mountain; His memory sparkles o'er the fountain. The meaneast rill, the mightiest river, Rolls mingling with his life forever.

That is poetic license. The idea should be realized by naming a great state for him, the only redheaded president we ever had. Old John Adams spoke the simple truth of Jefferson when he said, "He is cunning with his pen." That was, however, only half the truth, for we may truly say of him what Frederick the Great said of his illustrious ancestor, the great elector. "This man did great things." Roscoe Conkling in nominating General Grant at Chicago for a third term voiced the same idea when he said of him, "His fame rests not alone upon things written and upon things spoken, but upon the audacious greatness of things done." That sentence likewise may be applied to Jefferson without exaggeration or bad taste.

But I did not start out to write an

essay on Jefferson and the Louisiana purchase, however enthralling the theme. I am philosophizing about naming places for men.

A Mighty Name to Carry.

Of course our pioneer worthies had a vast advantage in this regard, for the all sufficient reason that the farther we go back toward the beginning of things the more places there were to be named. For this reason as well as for others the names of Washington, Jefferson and Jackson lead all the rest on the map of the United States. It is a curious fact that one may take a map and determine from the names of places and the dates of laying out towns and counties almost the exact period at which any American warrior or statesman was at the flood tide of his popularity. One might ascertain the same fact from the names of men save for the unfortunate fact that men die and usually their names perish with them. A hero suddenly impinges upon human vision, and an entire generation of helpless male infants are saddled with his name. One of the best friends I ever had was labeled Kosciuszko Kosuth Harris, a most appalling case of historic alliteration. The father had to unite Poland and Hungary to accomplish the feat, but he did it. No mortal man could carry such a name through life, so the victim wisely relieved himself of his burden by curtailing that name to plain Kos Harris and as such has had great success at his profession of the law.

A Matter of Pronunciation.

King Solomon says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." Of course he meant reputation, but his dictum would still be true even if he had meant merely a fitting name. It is a great piece of idiocy to name a child for a living man of distinction.

This long string of reflections on names was started in my mind by passing through the beautiful little city of Van Buren, in the county of Crawford, in the state of Arkansas. In passing it may be stated that for a long time nobody knew the real name of the state. Some pronounced it Arkansas, others Arkansaw. At one time the two United States senators from the state differed as to its pronunciation. The vice president, being a kindly man, of great tact, consulted their tastes by always recognizing one as "the senator from Arkansas" and the other as "the senator from Arkansaw." Finally the legislature took the matter of nomenclature in hand and by solemn statute decreed that the correct name of the state is Arkansaw.

I am not certain but what the Missouri legislature will have to do something of the sort. The dictionaries give it as "Miss-ur-y," but no genuine Missourian ever pronounces it that way. It is always "Miz-uh-rah" or "Miz-uh-ruh." Vox populi vox Dei. The people have as much right to make a dictionary as a government.

Political Revenge.

The city of Van Buren was of course named for Martin. He fared better at the hands of Arkansans than he did with Missourians. The latter in their love and admiration named two counties for him—one Van Buren, the other Kinderhook—but when he bolted in 1848 and headed a political side show whose effect was to defeat General Cass, the regular Democratic nominee, the ardent affection of the Missouri Democrats for Van turned to bitter loathing, and they wrathfully changed the name of Van Buren county to Cass and that of Kinderhook to Benton. The old proverb says, "Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned." That may or may not be true. At any rate, the scorn of Missouri Democrats is terrific. "Sweet is revenge," declares Byron. He ought to have known. Van Buren revenged himself on Cass, and the Missouri Democrats revenged themselves on Van.

Van Buren's Cruel Mot.

Martin Van Buren is an enigma of American history just as the Duke of Marlborough is an enigma of English history. Some one says of the duke, "He never fought a battle which he did not win, never besieged a city which he did not take, never made a movement which was not successful." The same may be said of Van Buren in politics until after his election to the presidency. The same fate has come to the great Englishman and the great American in this: Nobody has a kind word for either. Most assuredly they do not need the warning words of the Bible as to the danger of getting into the condition "when all men speak good of them."

Nor are the reasons far to seek of the woeful historic plight of the British soldier, the first captain of his age, and of the American president, the first diplomatist of his age, the well beloved of Andrew Jackson. Avarice, a vice of ignoble souls, a sordidness which has no parallel among men of brains, coupled with an astonishing lack of fidelity to any sovereign or to any cause, are the foul blots on the escutcheon of the hero of Ramellius, Malplaquet, Blenheim and Oudenarde, while Van Buren suffers from the contrast between himself and Jackson, from the ridicule heaped on him by the Whigs in the consoling log cabin, hard cider hysteria of 1840, which ended in his defeat, and most of all perhaps from his defection in 1848. By that caper he alienated the affections of the Democrats. Consequently there is no one interested in defending him in the forum of history or at the bar of posterity. He not only gave the coup de grace to his own fame, but he rendered impossible a great career to his son, "Prince John," one of the most brilliant of the children of men. A fine but cruel and unfeeling trait is recorded of John. Once while president his father was chiding him for his wild ways. John retorted, "You think you are a great historic personage, but you will be remembered chiefly because you are the father of John Van Buren."

CHAMP CLARK.

A Swift Repentance

I was cashier of Scott's state bank, and Mr. Scott and the public had every confidence in me. Nevertheless I determined to avail myself of my opportunities to rifle the safe and skip out.

Between the 4th and 11th of September I arranged the details for my flight and concluded to work them out on the night of the 13th. On that evening at half past 5 the night watchman notified me that his wife had died. I excused him from watching that night.

At 7 o'clock I went to the bank, pulled down the shades, lighted the gas and in the course of twenty minutes had packed every dollar in the vaults into a satchel provided for the purpose. This satchel I placed on a chair outside the railing and had sat down for a smoke when there was a rap at the door. I knew it was one of our force, but hardly expected to see the president himself.

"I expected it was you," he said as he entered; "always the last to go. You are working too hard and must take a rest. At a meeting of the board today it was decided to give you a month's leave and a gift of \$500 cash."

I don't remember what I said in reply, but I do remember that something like horror seized upon me at the idea of my own baseness. Right here within reach of his hand was the money I intended to flee with, and yet he was lavish in his praise of my integrity. He remained only a brief time, and soon after his departure I went outside to walk about and plan a little. I hadn't given up the idea of robbery and flight, but a still, small voice was whispering to me when a hand was laid on my arm, and I turned to confront the leading merchant of the town.

"Look here," he said as we walked along arm in arm, "I've always done business with Gleason because I found everything all right, but I'm going to begin with you tomorrow. Gleason is as good as gold himself, but I don't fancy his new cashier. He's a high roller. I hear, and some day he may turn up missing with all the bundle he can carry. No fear of that in your case."

And I had \$107,000 all packed up and was only waiting for train time to become a robber.

"Everybody is speaking in your praise," he continued, "and you deserve all that is said. Just keep a level head and you'll find the road to honor and wealth."

When he left me, I had to lean against a dead wall for support. The sound of his footsteps was still in my ears when I suddenly felt that I was saved. There had been a terrible struggle of conscience, but right had triumphed at last. I was pulling myself together to return to the bank when a woman accosted me by name and said:

"How lucky I happened to see you. I was on my way down to Black's to see if he wouldn't take charge of this package till tomorrow. It's money I got only two hours ago—\$2,000."

"Come in here, and I'll give you a receipt."

"Never mind that. We all know you and trust you."

Her parting words gave me a shiver. How little they knew me. I had one more trial to undergo. Almost at the door of the bank I met two business men of high standing who were holding an animated conversation.

"Heard the news?" queried one as I came up.

"What is it?"

"You remember the clerk in my brother's office in Philadelphia who skipped out two years ago with \$30,000? Well, he's been overhauled. He went to Peru, no doubt expecting to have grand times. It seems that everybody soon knew he was a thief, and he was an object of contempt. He wandered about, always a marked man, and at last was so overcome with shame and degradation that he asked to be arrested and sent back. He was despised, insulted and plundered, and he did not have one hour's solid comfort out of his funds. He will go to prison for ten or fifteen years, and he might as well die then. Say, isn't it a curious thing that men will so destroy themselves?"

"Take your own case," added the other as he placed a hand on my shoulder. "You are young, but respected, trusted and honored and on the sure road to wealth. You might crib \$100,000 from the bank and get away, but would that compensate you for the sacrifice? No. Even a million wouldn't. I tell you, the man who has got to outlaw himself to enjoy his plunder must see days when he would almost give his life to be set back in the position he once held."

I passed on into the bank and carefully locked the door behind me. My knees were so weak that I had to rest for a good twenty minutes. Even my hair was sopping wet with perspiration.

When I felt strong enough, I carried the satchel to the vault, opened the doors and replaced the money, and it was not until the iron doors were locked again that I felt sure I had won.

There would be no watchman that night. I had planned it so. I took off my coat, kicked off my shoes and made myself comfortable in an armchair. I did not feel sleepy, but when the day porter came at 7 in the morning to relieve the watchman I was sound asleep. It had got to the ears of the officers that I had sacrificed my night because of the death of the watchman's wife, and the president feelingly said:

"Bless the dear boy! He's a man out of a million!"

Am I still cashier? Well, never mind about that. I am still regarded as an honest man, and I doubt if you could make any of my business friends believe that I had ever been tempted for an instant.

M. QUAD.

G. W. BAKER,

Funeral Director, Licensed Embalmer.

All business intrusted to my care will have prompt and careful attention. A qualified lady assistant. Special attention given to night calls.

Telephone 313, Center Street, East Side.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

M. STEINBERG,

Dealer in

Second Hand Goods Furniture and Hardware.

I pay the highest market price for Old Rubbers, Rags, Copper and Iron.

WOOD CO.

NATIONAL BANK.

Grand Rapids, Wis.

CAPITAL \$50,000. SURPLUS \$23,000.

F. GARRISON, President. L. M. ALEXANDER, Vice Pres. F. J. WOOD, Cashier. COMMENCED BUSINESS NOVEMBER 1, 1891.

DIRECTORS:

F. GARRISON, L. M. ALEXANDER, THOS. E. NASH, E. ROENJUS, F. J. WOOD.

Safety Deposit Boxes For Rent.

All business connected with banking is earnestly solicited, and we promise prompt and careful attention to every detail. Interest paid on time deposits.

"A Friend to Those Who Cannot Talk."

Dr. V. P. NORTON,

Veterinary Surgeon and Dentist

Tel 161 Grand Rapids, Wis.

ARE YOU GOING ABROAD?

Or are you going to buy any tickets from Europe? If so, remember that I represent all the leading steamship lines sailing between this country and Europe and am in a position to furnish promptly the very best accommodations at the lowest rates. I represent: The Hamburg American, The Cunard, The White Star, The American, The Red Star, The Holland-American, The Allan, The Allan State, The Beaver, The Dominion, and The Scandinavian Lines, and shall be pleased to furnish on application rates, sailing and all information desired concerning any of these lines.

JOHN CASBERG,

CENTRALIA, WIS.

The "HUB" SAMPLE ROOM.

G. W. MASON, Prop.

Dealer in Fine Wine, Liquors and Cigars.

West side, Grand Rapids.

SAVE MONEY

Buy your hardware at wholesale and save the retailer's profit. Send for a fully illustrated and priced catalogue on anything you want in Builders' Hardware, Blacksmith Hardware, Sash and Doors, Paints and Oils, Glass, Crockery, Nails and Barb Wire. Catalogue free.

Kliner, Lang & Scharmann Co. MARSHFIELD, WIS.

ALL KINDS OF

COAL

PRICES RIGHT.

E. C. KETCHUM.

TELEPHONE:

Office, 164. Residence, 351.

NEKOOSA.
A farmer by the name of A. B. Chase from the town of New Rome became unruly on the streets here last Saturday. The authorities advised him to be quiet and tried to start him home. He would have his own way, whereupon he was taken in charge and spent the Sabbath in the hotel "de callaboose". Mr. Chase had calmed down by Monday morning and was taken before Justice Morgan. He pleaded guilty and was fined \$2 which added to the costs amounted to \$7. He had only five copper cents in his possession and for some time it looked as if he would be obliged to take a sentence. "A friend in need" happened in and let Mr. Chase have \$2 in cash. Upon paying this and giving promise that he would make up the rest in cord wood he was released. Mr. "A. B." is now a much wiser man and is convinced that being drunk and disorderly is "not what it seems to be."

At a recent meeting of the village board of trustees an ordinance relating to base ball was drafted and passed. Any person found guilty of playing base ball on any of the streets of Nekoosa shall be liable to a fine ranging from \$1 to \$10. Upon failure to pay such fine the guilty one shall be committed to the county jail for a period of not less than one day nor more than ten days, youngsters beware! "Better play in your own back yard."

Albert Wiedewald, the popular tailor made a trip to Mauston during the fore part of this week. He delivered several suits of clothing which gave perfect satisfaction. He also had some dental work done. Reports are that his former friends were glad to see him and he seems to exhibit evidence that he had a pleasant time.

Eli Taylor is remodeling and painting the Brooks' building which was formerly occupied as a restaurant. The place is being fitted up for a news and periodical stand and is conducted by John Eswein. This undertaking is one in the right direction and may be a means of making Nekoosa a reading population.

Earl Benjamin, infant son of August Pohrman died last Friday. The funeral took place at the home of Mr. Pohrman on Wood's farm, Rev. Selle officiating. The remains were interred in the Nekoosa cemetery. Mr. and Mrs. Pohrman have the sympathy of the village in their bereavement.

F. L. Stratton of New York City is here in the interests of the Westinghouse company. He is superintending the operating of the new system of stokers at the mill and will remain until the local men can conduct the work independently and satisfactorily.

The following young people attended the Elk's dancing party at Grand Rapids: Messrs. Henry E. Fitch, William Nash, Peter Heyrman, Bert Daunenfelser and the Misses Nellie Young, Katharine Treat and Katharine Galligan.

Rev. C. W. Pinkey of Chicago filled the pulpit at the Congregational church during both the morning and evening services. Both congregations were favorably impressed by his preaching.

Misses Susan Beeston and Mae Jefferson enjoyed a drive to Spring Creek last Saturday. They visited with relatives on the Sabbath and returned to Nekoosa in the evening.

Julius Nelson has resigned his position as millwright with the Nekoosa Paper company. He left for Brokaw Monday morning, where he has accepted a similar position.

The friends of Miss Agnes Waters are sending her their congratulations. Miss Waters was married to Dr. Keithley on Wednesday, April 29th, at Orfordville, Wisconsin.

The contract for the completion of laying cement tiling walks and crossings on the Main street of Necoosa has been let to Rassmenson and Peterson of Grand Rapids.

Thomas Louis of the town of Armenia, sold his farm last week to outside parties. The price was \$3,000 and the tract conveyed contained about 150 acres.

Asher J. Boyles, traveling auditor for the Alexander Lumber company of Chicago, was in the village last week shaking hands with old friends.

Master Walter Euligh is troubled with tonsillitis and has not been able to attend school for several days.

Mrs. Brietschneider, who has been visiting at Nekoosa has returned to her home at Necedah.

Miss Heiser returned to Nekoosa on Saturday and resumed her duties as teacher on Monday last.

Mrs. F. X. Grode and family left for Menasha where they will visit relatives.

Supt. Robert Morris stopped at Nekoosa last Monday on his way to visiting schools in the surrounding vicinity.

Mrs. W. F. Early of Port Edwards was seen in the village last Saturday.

Nekoosa's engaged couple took a long drive down river last Sunday.

D. J. Woodard was registered at the Herrick House last Friday.

Peter Heyrman of Depere is the guest of Nekoosa friends.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo Ohio. Sold by druggists 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Now's the time to take Rocky Mountain Tea; it drives out all the microbes of winter; it builds up the stomach, kidneys and liver. A wonderful spring tonic that makes sick people well. For Sale by Johnson Hill & Co.

Get it at Otto's.

NEKOOSA.
The family and friends of Ralph Smith have been quite anxious about him since last Friday. Mr. Smith took cold the Sunday evening previous and going out too soon, pneumonia developed. Dr. Kougen visited him Saturday and Monday and at this writing (Tuesday) conditions are very favorable for recovery.

D. R. Burr is again in this part of the world looking after his marsh interests. His son-in-law, Howard Howe of Minneapolis, visited him here and we learn was quite favorably impressed with the marsh country.

Miss Harriet Whittlesey attended the party given by the B. P. O. E. Tuesday evening and was the guest of Miss Carrie Miller.

Mrs. Cohn and Mr. Bick were arrivals from Wausau yesterday, coming down somewhat earlier in the season than usual.

Secretary W. H. Fitch returned from Madison Thursday, where he had been in the interests of the appropriation bill.

Mrs. Whittlesey and daughter Harriet were guests at the Garrison home Wednesday and Thursday of last week.

Miss Myra Kruger was an uptown passenger on the Wednesday morning train for a few days' stay.

Miss Caroline Fitch is still confined to her room but in a fair way for restoration to health.

J. B. Arpin was a down passenger on the Saturday noon train, returning by the 5 p. m.

Miss Lillie Warner reached home Thursday, after spending the winter at Merrilan.

James Gaynor and Miss Bertha Demske were town shoppers Thursday.

This paper might be filled with items like the following, and every one be the absolute truth. I had rheumatism for years and tried almost everything, but got no permanent relief until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm, three bottles of which have cured me. It is the best medicine I ever used.—PHILIP E. RHODES, Pennville, Mo. Pain Balm is for sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

To Rid Ships of Rats.

Prof. Koch has discovered a successful method for the destruction of rats which frequent the holds of ships. An experiment has been conducted on board the Bulgaria at Hamburg. The rats were placed in cages in the hold. An apparatus was then used to fill the hold of the ship with a gaseous substance. When this was concluded the cages were brought on deck and all rats were found to be dead. A new system will in future be used in the German navy and also in the big German steamship lines.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind. knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c, at John E. Daly's drug store.

Paid Bridesmaids.

At a recent wedding held in New York there were no fewer than fifteen bridesmaids, who were all punctually paid. Besides the beautiful toilettes, given by the bride's father, they each received \$25 for appearing in the wedding train. Some of the young ladies receive as much as \$100 for the "office of honor," while one woman, who is much sought after for her beauty, has appeared as bridesmaid at more than 200 weddings, and has in a short time amassed quite a little fortune, besides receiving many costly presents.

The Problem of a Tired Mother

One of the marvels of our time is the way in which the average mother carries all the burdens of social, benevolent, church and family life.

It's no wonder that nerve troubles attack the mother—how can she help being nervous, especially while the little ones are so troublesome?

No woman can endure the strain of her housework and two or three little ones unless her digestive powers are unusually good. She can't manufacture force enough to stand the strain.

We can suggest one thing that will surely help her, and it isn't a drug poison either. It is Vinol, made by a new process from that wonderful remedy, cod liver oil; it's a true tonic.

Vinol is pleasant to taste, "goes right to the spot," nourishes and helps the food to nourish, is splendid for nursing mothers and all tired out home helpers. I have found it safe and good for ailing children. With Vinol to correct the constipation, it has put whole families in this place on the road to health. Used in time, it saves nervous break-down. Your money back if you don't find this true.

JOHN DALY.

Eyeless Fish in Boiling Water.
One of the most remarkable discoveries in the shape of a peculiar species of fish ever made on this continent was that made at Carson City, Nev., in 1876. At that time both the Hale and Norcross and the Savage mines were down to what is known as the "2,200 foot level." When at that depth, a subterranean lake of boiling water was tapped. This accident flooded both mines to a depth of 400 feet. After this water had all been pumped out except that which had gathered in basins and in the inaccessible portions of the works, and when the water still had a temperature of 128 degrees—nearly scalding hot—many queer looking little blood red fish were taken out. In appearance they somewhat resembled the goldfish.

They seemed lively and sportive enough when they were in their native element—boiling water—notwithstanding the fact that they did not even have rudimentary eyes. When the fish were taken out of the hot water and put into buckets of cold water for the purpose of being transported to the surface, they died as quickly as a perch or a bass would if plunged into a kettle of water that was scalding hot; not only this, but the skin peeled off exactly as if it had been boiled.

Eyeless fish are common enough in all subterranean lakes and rivers, but this is the only case on record of living fish being found in boiling water.

Passing a Plate in a Church.

There was a very large congregation, and the rector seeing that there was only one alms dish made signs to a rustic from the chancel entrance to come to him and bade him go into the rectory garden through a glass door into the dining room, where there had been a slight refection before the service, bring a dish from the table, take it down one side of the north aisle and up the other and then bring it to the clergyman at the place from which he started. The rustic disappeared, reappeared with the dish, took it as he was ordered and presented it to the people on either side of the aisle, and then approaching the rector whispered in his ear: "I've done as yer told me, sir. I've taken it down yon side of the aisle and up t'other—they'll none of 'em 'ave any." No order had been given to empty the dish, and it was full of biscuits!—Dean Hole's "Memories."

Shellac in Chinese Works of Art.

By softening shellac with heat it may be drawn out and twisted into almost white sticks and of a fine silky luster. Extreme beauty is given to Chinese works of art by the use of shellac. Some of them are very ancient and of great value. They are chiefly chowchow boxes, tea basins or other small objects made of wood or metal. They are covered with a coat of shellac, colored with vermilion, and while the layer of shellac is soft and pliable it is molded and shaped into beautiful patterns. Some of these works thus ornamented are so rare and beautiful that even in China they cost fabulous sums.

He Forgave the Bishop.

A certain bishop, an ardent advocate of teetotalism, found one of his flock, to whom he had preached for years, leaning in helpless drunkenness against a wall.

"Wilkins!" cried the bishop, inexpressibly shocked. "Oh, Wilkins! You in this state! I am sorry; I am sorry; I am sorry!"

As the bishop was passing by on the other side Wilkins pulled himself together and hiccupped after him:

"Bishop, bishop!"

The bishop hastened back in the hope of hearing a resolution of repentance.

"Bishop, if you are really sorry I forgive you!"

A Bird Much Like a Fish.

The "birds of a feather" that "flock together" do not belong to the penguin family, as they are entirely destitute of feathers, having for a covering a kind of stiff down. Another penguin peculiarity is that it swims not on, but under, water, never keeping more than its head out and when fishing coming to the surface at such brief and rare intervals that an ordinary observer would almost certainly mistake it for a fish.

Discouraging.

"My dear sir," wrote the editor to the persistent young author, "in order to simplify matters somewhat we are inclosing a bunch of our 'declined with thanks' notices. If you will put one of these in an envelope with your manuscript and mail it to yourself, it will make it easier for all of us, and you will be saving something in postage as well."—Chicago Post.

Goldfish.

There are some goldfish in Washington which belonged to the same family for the last fifty years, and they seem no bigger and no less vivacious today than they did when they first came into the owner's possession. A few of the fish in the Royal aquarium in St. Petersburg are known to be 150 years old.

Depressing.

"Were there laughter and cheers during your speech?"

"Well," answered the youthful statesman, "there weren't many cheers, but now and then people in the audience looked at one another and laughed."—Washington Star.

A Case of Necessity.

Mrs. Smith—We missed you so much at our party!

Mrs. Jones—And I was so vexed when I couldn't come! You see, our cook had company unexpectedly, and she needed us to fill out the card tables.—Detroit Journal.

The eyes of other people are the eyes that ruin us.—Franklin.

BUTTON, BUTTON,

Who's Got the Button? Yo will want to get it when you understand that if you draw the BLACK BUTTON

you get the price of your purchase of Dry Goods or Shoes refunded up to \$2.50. Everybody is eligible to draw from the button bag who purchases 5 cents or more in our dry goods or shoe departments. We have arranged a coin sack with an opening at the mouth just large enough to insert ones hand. In this sack are 100 buttons all of the same size, 99 of them are white and one is black. After you have made your purchase you are entitled to a draw from the button bag and if you are lucky enough to draw the black button, your purchase costs you nothing unless it amounts to more than \$2.50. This amount is taken from the amount of your purchase.

WE HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF DRY GOODS & SHOES

in the city and meet all legitimate competition in prices.
Give us a trial order and try your luck at our "Lucky Button Bag"

OUR GROCERY DEPARTMENT is complete. Goods delivered to all parts of the city.

HEINEMAN MERC. CO. GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

STOP PAYING RENT!

We will tell you how to do it. Buy a lot of us in

Daly's Addition To the east side.

PAY \$10.00 DOWN

and a few dollars per month until your lot is paid for, and build a little home of your own. You can do it out of your wages.

This addition is just four blocks south of the new high school building, on the best land for residence property in the city of Grand Rapids. These lots are large residence lots. See us for particulars.

RING & DALY'S ADDITION WEST SIDE.

You can get cheaper lots and just as good terms in our West Side Addition to the city, which is near to all the big mills and factories on the west side. Both additions are sure to become populous and valuable resident districts, and there is a fine speculation in these lots for the prices we are now asking for them. They will be worth double the money in a year from now.

Don't lose sight of the fact that I am selling the best piano on earth. Come and see me and talk business; I always meet you half way.

FRANK P. DALY.

Office over First National bank with Conway & Jeffrey. Residence phone 198.